JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 11, 1924. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVI. No. 958. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1924. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

NET PAID SALES EXCEED 850,000 WEEKLY

See page 7

The TRUTH *about the* CRISIS

by A. G. GARDINER

Recreation, Amusement, Society.

If you are "out of sorts" nothing is enjoyable, you can find no pleasure in anything. Your favourite recreation loses its charm. That which was wont to amuse you does so no longer. The joy of companionship has left you. Quite likely it is simply a course of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

that you require. Their effect upon the digestive organs is marvellous. They are the most widely known remedy for many disorders that afflict mankind. Neglect of the Bowels, Stomach, Kidneys or Liver, will bring about gloomy and depressed conditions. The stress and strain of existence to-day will tell on the soundest constitution. Beecham's Pills may be relied upon to restore the balance. You will speedily be put on the high road to recovery, and the periodical use of this trustworthy medicine will assuredly

Help you to Enjoy the Pleasures of Life.

6/- MONTHLY BUYS THIS EXTRA SMART WINTER COAT

THE "ASCOT"

Coat is a super production. Tailor-made, of All Wool heavy Blanket Cloth, built in the latest West End fashion, gauged at sides, panel appearance, stitched with floss silk. Gauntlet collar and cuffs in. inn. "Chinchilla" fur, equal in appearance to the best Chinchilla fur, wear guaranteed. A wonderfully pretty coat. Price only 89/- on easy payments, 6/- now and 6/- monthly. Send 6/- and say which colour we shall send you. Navy Nigger, Tan Beaver, Grey or Black.

THE 'ASCOT'

A New Creation for Autumn & Winter.

45/- Nett Cash

and 6/-

while there's a chance to obtain such a smart design and such wonderful value. The "Ascot" is the smartest coat you could wish to wear; it is a charming design that looks well and will wear well. Smart, stylish, and will keep you warm on the coldest of winter days, and the real "Chinchilla" fur collar and cuffs create an attractive appearance that will appeal to you and be the envy of your friends.

SEND 6/- TO-DAY.

Satisfaction or deposit refunded. Price List Post Free.

MASTERS LTD., 83, Hope Stores, RYE.

EPILEPSY

(FITS)

No Sufferer Need Despair.

As a result of 30 years' work devoted entirely to the treatment and cure of Epilepsy, Mr. Gilbert Dale has achieved a world-wide reputation. Cures, not relief merely, have been effected in thousands of cases, many sent to him by medical men many turned down by Hospitals, and others regarded as incurable by doctors and specialists. No stringent or poisonous drugs used. Personal consideration given to the peculiar conditions of each case. Read 'Epilepsy: Its Causes and Symptoms," published by—

THE DALE INSTITUTE, LIMITED

31, Bond Street House, Clifford Street, London, W.1

FREE to any address, in plain wrapper. Write to-day for it.

GRAVES

STYLISH COATS & WRAPS

Ladies should write at once for Graves Magnificent Display of fashionable Coats.

All Garments warranted of best make throughout

From 5/- month

Each Garment distinctive in style and quality

Coats delivered to approved orders on receipt of first payment. Balance monthly, if satisfied. Money back if you are in any way disappointed.

Write for Patterns

Complete ranges of Styles and Patterns of Coats, Robes, Costumes, &c., Post Free State which you require.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

JOHN BULL FREE INSURANCE GIFT

At this time of the year the Fire Fiend is hovering over every home in the land. He comes when least expected to wreak his vengeance on your most precious possession—the home. Whilst you sleep a stray spark may leap from the dying embers or a gust of wind may catch those clothes airing in front of the kitchen fire and so start a tragic conflagration.

Those who are wise will take the precaution to sign the forms below and thereby thwart the Fire Fiend. Delay is dangerous. Sign now!

A few only of our Readers who benefit this week through Fire.

Fire

Up to £400.

SHEFFIELD.—F. W. SHELDON, 30, Kenyon Street.
MANSFIELD, NOTTS.—H. J. STATHAM, 26, Kitchener's Drive.
MELTON MOWBRAY.—Mr. L. DODSLEY, 141, Thorpe Road.
PORT GLASGOW.—Mr. T. DEARY, 3, Clune Place.
HECKMONDWYKE.—Mrs. G. DAWSON, 21, Back Croft Street.
NEWBURY.—Mrs. W. LAWRENCE, "The Rising Sun," Echinswell.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. F. CHAMBERS, 136, Lee Bank Road, Edgbaston.
GLASGOW.—WM. MCCANN, 45, Wolseley Street, Oatlands.
HULL.—Mrs. P. C. BYRNE, 12, Industrial Terrace, Bean Street.
WALLSEND-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. M. TELFORD, 53, Rawdon Road.
FRATTON.—Mrs. R. HOUGHTON, 33, Constitution Square.
BARGOED.—Mr. W. LISLE, 18, Thomas Street, Gilfach.
MERTHYR VALE.—E. DAVIES, 12, Perthugleision Crescent, Aberfan.
TREHAFOD, RHONDDA VALLEY.—W. C. CANNARD, 30, Morgan Street.
NORTHUMBERLAND.—T. GILLIES, 68, St. Peter's Road, Holy Cross.
BIRMINGHAM.—S. ASBURY, 14, Brickiln Lane, Hamstead.
DUMFRIES.—T. SKECHILL, 42, College Street, Maxwelltown.
EXETER.—W. POPE, Luton, Payhembury.
MANCHESTER.—R. WORRALL, 499, Oldham Road, Middleton.
BELFAST.—J. MCCLINTON, 24, Cromwell Street.
HALIFAX.—Mrs. F. BATES, 26, Leafland Street.
MOUNTAIN ASH.—Mr. R. PRITCHARD, 50, Albert Street, Miskin.
SCUNTHORPE.—Mr. E. MOUTREY, 22, Spencer Avenue, Crosby.
BIRKENHEAD.—Mrs. E. LIGHTFOOT, 63, Dacre Street.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. A. RICHARDSON, 30, Saunders Street.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. M. KELLY, 45, Needham Road.
BISHOP'S WALTHAM.—Mrs. H. RANDALL, Hampton Hill, Swanmore.
BRISTOL.—Mr. J. LEWIS, 54, Twinnell Road, Easton.
NEWBRIDGE, MON.—Mrs. E. M. DAVIES, 27, Alexandra Place.
SHEFFIELD.—S. ROBINSON, 53, Low Road, Malin Bridge.
BOW COMMON LANE, E. 3.—Mrs. M. A. BOOT, 67, Sherwood Street.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—H. T. CORFIELD, 19, Jones Road, Bushbury.
HULL.—C. L. HARDCASTLE, 1, Florence Grove, Stoneferry.
CAVERSHAM.—Mrs. F. BEASLEY, 21, King's Road.
PENYGRAIG, RHONDDA VALLEY.—J. W. OWEN, 24, Mikado Street.
BURNLEY.—Mr. J. BOOTHMAN, Holme House, Allen Street.
BRIDGEND.—Mr. W. JOHN, 14, Green Circle, Pyle.
NEW TREDEGAR.—Mrs. C. E. PARKES, 48, Queen's Road.
SMETHWICK.—Mrs. J. ORTON, 150, Raglan Road.
SOUTHBOROUGH, Nr. TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—CHAS. BARROW, 23, Springfield Road.
UPPER TOOTING, S.W.—J. H. AXTON, 41, Lucien Road.
LAUGHTON COMMON, Nr. ROTHERHAM—JAS. ALLPORT, 25, Granville Street.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS. — Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 11/10/24.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date..... J.B., 11/10/24.

DON'T BE TOO LATE!

"JOHN BULL," Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Send me the "John Bull" 5/- "Empire" Pen and FREE 2/6 Wembley Souvenir Pencil. If I keep same I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (including postage and pen clip) or return in new condition within three days.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If remittance is sent cross P.O./cheque' & Co.' and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine, medium or broad nib. J.B. 11.10.24.

CLOSING DAYS

We will send a 2/6 WEMBLEY SOUVENIR Pencil, with refills and clip, and emblazoned in gold with the Wembley Insignia, **FREE** to every purchaser of the "JOHN BULL" Self-Filling "Empire" Pen.

2/6 WEMBLEY SOUVENIR FREE!

SEND NO MONEY.

The "JOHN BULL" Empire Pen is fitted with latest self-filling device and 14-ct. solid gold nib. Equal to Pens usually sold at 15/-. Price 5/6, including clip & post.; two years' guarantee.

A Valet AutoStrop razor set complete *for* 2/6

This is
the new 2/6 set
containing razor, one blade and strop in neat case. If your dealer does not stock it the manufacturers will send it post free on receipt of a 2/6 postal order.

The "Valet" AutoStrop is the only safety razor in the world that strops its blade without removal from the frame. It gives the world's fastest, smoothest, most comfortable shave because the blade is sharpened automatically in ten seconds before every shave. Thus each blade retains its edge for weeks and weeks and so saves you money, *again* because you strop it before every shave. Nothing to unscrew. Nothing to take to pieces.

The "Valet" razor is made in several qualities. The newest and lowest priced model costs only half-a-crown. Any dealer will show you the simple way it works. It is British Made.

"VALET" Auto Strop Safety Razor

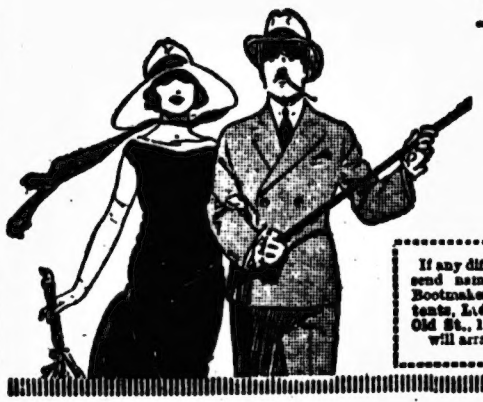
THE AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR Co., Ltd., 197-207, City Rd., London, E.C.1

THE PANSHINE PAIR : : : : : : By CHARLES HARRISON

THIS COPPER KETTLE MUST BE A GOOD AGE
IT'S BEEN IN THE FAMILY FOR YEARS & YEARS
THEN IT MUST HAVE BOILED THOUSANDS & THOUSANDS OF TIMES
YES AND EVERY TIME IT HAS SUNG THE PRAISES OF PANSHINE
PANS

Pn 147—69

Drawn for Hodgson & Simpson Ltd. Liverpool and London

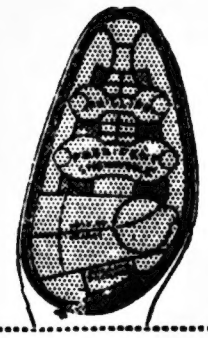


The Soles of Refinement!

PHILLIPS President "STICK-A-SOLES" are thin, light and extremely flexible. They are enormously durable, and quite invisible in wear. Securely attached with *Phillips own special solution* —a permanent fixture and a sure protection from wet and damp.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send name and address of Bootmaker to Phillips Patents, Ltd., (Dept. 68), 142 Old St., London, E.C.1, who will arrange your supply.

Phillips President 'STICK-A-SOLES'



Men's ... 3/6 per pair
Ladies' ... 2/6 "
including PHILLIPS SOLUTION. Fixing extra.

THE UNIVERSAL STORES

THE UNIVERSAL STORES EXTRAORDINARY SALE

Sensational Clean-Up of Accumulated Stock from All Departments.

Monster Bales of BEDDING, DRAPERY, CUTLERY, ETC. Forty-Five Articles in all for only £2

Carriage Paid.

The Universal Stores—Bargain advertisers for over 20 years—are making an extra special offer to old customers and new, of Monster Bales containing all the following goods.

BLANKETS, SHEETS, QUILTS, PILLOW CASES, TOWELS, CUTLERY, CLOCKS, SILVERWARE, FANCY GOODS.

45 articles in all.

A MARVELLOUS £2 WORTH.

No oddments, damaged or soiled goods. All guaranteed genuine regular stock. Shopkeepers NOT supplied, and no more than one Bale sold to each customer.

All Bedding Full Size for Double Beds.

DON'T DELAY AND RISK DISAPPOINTMENT—SEND YOUR ORDER AT ONCE AND RECEIVE BY RETURN THE WORLD'S BIGGEST AND BEST BARGAINS.

IF UNABLE TO SEND FULL CASH AT ONCE SECURE THE GOODS NOW BY SENDING A SMALL DEPOSIT. THE BALANCE CAN BE PAID AT YOUR OWN CONVENIENCE, WHEN GOODS WILL BE SENT.

THE UNIVERSAL STORES, LTD., Devonshire St., ARDWICK, (Branch JB7) MANCHESTER

Send for our New Money Saving Catalogue, which contains hundreds of Household Bargains (EW)

THE UNIVERSAL STORES

GREAT BRITAIN'S PREMIER BARGAIN HOUSE — LARGEST HOUSEHOLD ORDER HOUSE

BARONET SERGE

DIRECT FROM BRADFORD MANUFACTURERS.

Fine twill make pure Botany merino wool, navy guaranteed indigo dye suiting serge, quality as used in £10 suits and costumes, suit length **50/-**, costume length **60/-**, carriage paid. The best quality is the cheapest in wear; satisfaction guaranteed, money refunded if not satisfied. Send crossed Postal Orders to S. H. BARON, DRAKE ST., BRADFORD, Yorks. Established 15 years.

SPECIAL LINO OFFER

SARTOLEUM Cork Lino and Oilcloths at bargain prices. BRITISH MADE. Perfect quality. Supplied direct only.

CORK LINO, 3/- per sq. yd.
OILCLOTHS, 2/- per sq. yd.

SEND NO MONEY. Write for Free Patterns and beautifully illustrated Catalogue to **FLOORCOVERINGS, Ltd. (Dept. 38), Sartor House, Derby Street, Cheetham, Manchester.**

London Showrooms:
230, Tottenham Court Road, Oxford Street.

FROM 2/6 WEEKLY

JUNO

FROM 1/3 WEEKLY

CYCLES from CASH £4 15 0

'JUNIOR' from CASH 52/6

WHICHEVER YOU SEEK FROM 1/3 A WEEK.

WE offer amazing value and will send you a magnificent JUNO Cycle, Baby Car, Gramophone or Child's Cycle on approval, packed free, and carriage paid. We supply you direct, cutting out middlemen's profits and saving you money.

BRITISH MADE. GUARANTEED BY OUR 46 YEARS' REPUTATION

Money refunded if dissatisfied.

FREE Beautifully coloured folders. Please state when writing whether you require the Cycle, Baby Car, Gramophone or Child's Cycle Lists.

The JUNO COMPANY
(Dept. D),
168 & 248, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2.

LISTS FREE WRITE NOW!

From CASH 55/-

FROM 1/6 WEEKLY

CASH £5 15 0

(Makers) METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO. LTD.

You can have this MAGNIFICENT

"CAPTAIN" GRAMOPHONE

5/- DOWN. immediately for 5/- down. A machine unequalled for richness of tone and finish, with all the latest improvements. A wonderful opportunity to obtain the highest value for a ridiculously small deposit. This is an unparalleled offer direct from my factory, and the very easy payment terms I arrange afford everyone a great opportunity for constant musical enjoyment. Secure your machine now for the Winter and Christmas. Send for my FREE LIST, "The Man—The Mill—The Machine," splendidly illustrated, showing charming range of models. Truly a Gramophone showroom in your home. Write now.

H. FITZPATRICK, 622., Caylais Works, BURNLEY.

THIS SOLID SILVER Jewelled WRIST WATCH

Complete with EXPANDING BRACELET

is YOURS for 1/-

READ OUR BRIEF DESCRIPTION.

Ladies' **Solid Silver English Hall-Marked Wrist Watch**, complete with fashionable Expanding Bracelet of the latest design which fits snugly to the wrist. The movement is of the first quality, jewelled, fitted with latest improvements, which ensure accurate time-keeping always. Each watch carefully timed and tested before despatch. Guaranteed 5 years. **OUR UNEQUALLED TERMS.**

So sure are we that you will be more than satisfied, we send this handsome watch post paid upon receipt of 1/- only. After receiving watch, if satisfied, the balance is payable 1/- on receipt and 2/- monthly until only 20/- is paid. Cash with order price (or balance within 7 days), 18/- only. Cash returned willingly if not absolutely satisfied and watch is returned within 7 days. Send 1/- to-day to

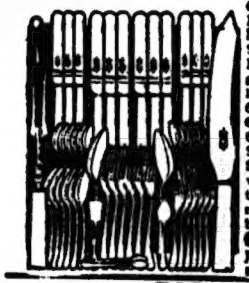
SIMPSON'S (BRIGHTON), LTD.,
(Dept. 643), 94, Queen's Road, BRIGHTON SUSSEX

DAINTY BROOCH FREE WITH every Watch.

The Graves 'Fifty' Service is Sheffield made and guaranteed finest quality.

GRAVES 'FIFTY'

50 PIECES, 50 SHILLINGS.



1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives and 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles, 2 Table Spns, 6 Dessert Spns, 6 Tea Spns, 6 Egg Spns, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spn, 1 pr Sugar Tngs, 1 Jam Spn, 1 Mustard Spn, all warranted to wear white throughout. Terms: 5/- now, 5/- monthly. Money back if at all disappointed.

5/- NOW

Catalogue Post Free
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

2/6 Weekly

All you pay for our No. 406A Mead "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated, richly enamelled, lined in colours. Sent packed free carriage paid on

15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled models. Tyres and accessories 33-1/3% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for testimonials and Illus. art catalogue.

Usual cash price **£5 5s. CASH**

Mead

Cycle Company (Inc.), Dept. B667), Birmingham.

BIG PRICES PAID For OLD FALSE TEETH

Bring the teeth to my address and cash will be paid to you over the counter or fill in coupon, and I will send you

FREE an Addressed Box for sending teeth,

To Mr. E. LEWIS (Desk 20),
24, Warwick St., off Regent St., London, W. 1.

Sir,—Please send to me an addressed box for sending Old Artificial Teeth that I have for disposal, on the clear understanding that you will return the teeth to me, post paid, if I do not consider your cash offer satisfactory.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Postage 1d., if sent in open envelope.

STOP THAT NEURALGIA

FREE ZOX is the proved remedy for Neuralgia & Headache. TWO ZOX POWDERS FREE to test it. Mention this Journal and enclose 1½d. stamped addressed envelope. Sold by Chemists and Stores in 1/6 and 3/- boxes or post free at these prices from THE ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

WITH ZOX

100,000 Rugs GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull," 11-10-24. On receipt of Postal Order for **12/6** we will forward Direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Brussellett

Real Seamless Woven GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS CARPETS

Carriage 1/- extra

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 500,000 sold during the past 18 months. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match. Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Linoleums, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free, if mentioning "John Bull," 11-10-24 when writing. (Established over Half a Century.)

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.7.), Woodsley Rd. City of Leeds.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A1 OFFER.—HOW TO START IN BUSINESS WITH £2.—Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for Drapery, Hosiery, Boots and Clothing. Best House for Beginners. Send for free catalogue.—H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery Trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 86, High Street, Manchester.

DRAPERS, Markers-up, Beginners.—Wholesale List free. Remnants, Cut Lengths.—Levy's, Ltd., 30A, Commercial Road, London, E.1.

EXCEPTIONAL Value is offered to small traders in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc. Illus. Cat. Free.—S. Mosco, Dept. J.B., 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

LACE & EMBROIDERY, wholesale.—Torchon, Vals, Guipure, Filet, Voile, Flouncing, Longcloth. Free list and lace cuttings.—Albrit Lace Co. (Dept. B.), 115-6, Houndsditch, E.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11.

A BEAUTIFUL Sample Book free to first 1,000 applicants to sell Private XMAS Cards. Choice designs. Latest novelties. Highest commission. Valuable prizes.—J. Renshaw & Sons, Dept. 153, Accrington.

AGENTS WANTED.—Make money in spare moments selling Private Xmas Cards, Calendars, etc.—Write, Imperial Art Co., Dept. B., Hull.

PART-TIME Agency.—Ex. opportunity for persons in regular employment to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, etc.; cash or credit; good com.—Apply, J. Turner (Dept. 19), 16, The Arcade, Grattan Road, Bradford.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A BETTER JOB FOR ALL MEN WHO WANT ONE!—You can learn how to get a better-paid position by reading an interesting Free Book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," which describes the finest Training Course in Salesmanship ever prepared. It also describes how approximately 1,150 positions have been obtained for students of the Course during the last three years. Write for this interesting book to-day. It will be sent post free by return.—The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College, 28T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT. — Become a qualified Motor Driver with Official certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free. Write or call Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Also Apprenticeships in Automobile Engineering. Apply Chief Engineer.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Armourers, Carpenters (for training as Carpenter-Riggers', Engine Driver Fitters, Power Station Engineers, Tinsmiths and Sheet Metal Workers; also skilled and semi-skilled Wireless Operators. Age-limits, 18-30. Pay from 21/- to 38/6 per week, on enlistment, and all found. Allowance for wife and children to men 26 and over.—Write, stating age, or call: Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2; or R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, 41, Church Street, Birmingham, and 105, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

£300, £400, £500 salary for certified bookkeepers; postal tuition, 10/- monthly; success guaranteed; two exams.; prospectus free.—City Correspondence College, Dept. 9, 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output: experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 198, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 25 Country, 2/6. Covering Wales, 3/8. Many others. Prospectus free.—Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars.—H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

IF you wish to increase your Income, your Opportunity may be Here and Now. We invite you, without obligation, to examine our Postal-Sales Co-operation Scheme—a practical Scheme endorsed by Authorities, and proving itself by actual results.—Write, Noble Bros., Pelham Street, Nottingham, to-day.

BARGAIN SALES.

BILLIARD TABLES.—New and second-hand; all sizes and makes. Bargain list free.—JELKS, 263-275, Holloway Road, N.7.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BEDSTEADS, etc., DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO HOME. Latest designs in Metal and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., also Furniture. All goods sent Carriage Paid in perfectly new condition (nothing shop-soiled). Illustrated Lists post free. Cash or instalments. Why pay retail prices?—Established 38 years.—CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

KEEP YOUR TROUSERS "POSH."—6/- only buys the British-made "Climax" Patent Trousers Press. Solidly constructed, nickel fittings, polished Jacobean, this press is wonder value. It is sold direct to the public by the Manufacturers, The London Road Manfg. Co., Staines, Middx., and the price includes carriage anywhere in the U.K. Send to-day.

GUNS.—Gradual payments. Built up to a standard—not down to a price. Send for list.—Thomas Wild, 17, Whittall Street, Birmingham.

OSTRICH FEATHERS.—Superior long single Whites or Natural Greys from centre of production. Six for 20s., post free.—Sussman, Postbox, 166, Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to 21/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen diploma free.—47, Smae Inst., Festing Grove, Portsmouth.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS at the Dixon Institute of Advertising, the original and still dominant British School. £10 per week can be earned.—Write for particulars of Free Scholarship offer to Dept. 21, Dixon Institute, 195, Oxford Street, W.1.

Brighter homes with a "Fullotone"
ALREADY the darkness gathers as you reach home. Soon you will be greeted, as you leave the station, with twinkling lights through the damp and gloom. See that you instal a "FULLOTONE" and brighten your home for the approaching winter evenings. Don't pay 12 Guineas for a store model when factory prices enable you to purchase this splendid gramophone at half the cost. It is fully guaranteed and you are allowed a week in which to try it. If you are then dissatisfied you can return the instrument and your money is instantly refunded.
No. 2a.—Beautifully finished cabinet, chiefly consisting of mahogany, as illustrated, but not inlaid, 3ft. 4in. high. Powerful Swiss double-spring 3-record motor, famous "FULLOTONE Junior" sound box, exquisite tone, holds 100 records, and all latest 1924 improvements.
FACTORY PRICE £6 : 6 : 0
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Vol. XXXVI. No. 958.
Week ending Saturday,
Oct. 11, 1924. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth.

91, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9866.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Stop Fighting and *Work*.

The impending election means the raising of false issues and the intensification of Party strife. We don't want an election. We want the concentration of all Parties on the solution of the difficulties that are ruining the country.

Shifts and Shuffles.

Mr. Churchill's protests against a three-Party political system are well founded. Sham fights, obstruction and inertia are the inevitable result.

Changing Values.

How soon the obvious divisions in all Parties will lead to a regrouping is difficult to say. That our political system is in flux is clear.

What a Muddle!

We preach disarmament: we disarm Germany, and then we force her to build a super-Zeppelin for America. No wonder Bernard Shaw once called this world the lunatic asylum of the universe!

Bah!

Mr. Leach claims that bombing is "the cheapest mode of civilising Iraq." Was there ever a more hypocritical "defence" of a totally indefensible policy?

The Biggest Yet.

When the arbitration proposals of the League of Nations come before the country for ratification they will provide a bigger political issue than any now being raised. Peace and prosperity are twins.

The Worthless Desert.

Three years ago we warned the Government of the dangers of continuing the Mesopotamian folly. Now the war-clouds are gathering in earnest. Clear out—before it is too late.

What do They Fear?

If politicians were not adepts at eating their own words, they would apply to Ulster the "self-determination" doctrines so sedulously preached during the war. Let the *people* decide.

Begin at Home.

Amid all this talk of guaranteed loans why does no one suggest one for British industry? Why not a public works loan with the consequent abolition of the dole?

Unpalatable Truths.

The interest on the National Debt absorbs £1,000,000 a day. This year £28,000,000 is being obtained from food taxes. Reduction of the National Debt would abolish food taxes and bring down the cost of living.

No More Strikes.

During the last five years 36,000,000 working days have been frittered away in futile strikes. Why not an Industrial League to prevent industrial war?

The Empty Shell.

Mr. Tom Shaw now proposes to set up a Court of Inquiry before, instead of after, a strike. But for what purpose, unless its findings are made legally binding?

The Ghastly Tale.

Last week 16,250 people were added to the growing total of the unemployed. And we are still waiting to hear from any Party a constructive solution of the problem.

Despite their Promises.

"The Government has not solved the unemployment problem," confesses Mr. Jowett. Nobody blames it for that. What it is blamed for is that it hasn't tried.

Justice, not Charity.

During the war the unemployed gave the best years of their life to serve their country's need. Let the country now serve their need. Free the land!

Defeating the Budget.

"The tea trade," we read, "responds to fluctuations of supply and demand in a rather remarkable manner." And we agree that "remarkable" is the right word.

Thanks Indeed!

After tea—coffee. One company that showed a profit of £6,388 in 1922, showed last year a profit of £20,390. "Thanks," it is said, "to the big rise in the price of coffee!"

Self-help to Prosperity.

Now that the National Farmers' Union is devoting itself to promoting co-operative methods, signs of an agricultural revival are appearing. Haven't we always said so?

Coal Chaos.

Coal prices are up again—and there are 100,000 miners out of work. The need for reorganising the industry shouts aloud.

"JOHN BULL" NET PAID SALES

The Directors, Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs,—We have examined the Company's accounts and records relating to the undermentioned issues of John Bull, and certify that the net sales (exclusive of all free copies), after deducting returns received during the week of each issue, were as set out below:

July 5	814,728	August 16	841,602
„ 12	816,542	„ 23	850,464
„ 19	814,967	„ 30	846,544
„ 26	835,088	September 6	848,269
August 2	829,639	„ 13	841,034
„ 9	834,761	„ 20	862,617

September 27 - - - 865,161

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) FRANKLIN WILD & CO.
MARWICK MITCHELL & CO.
Chartered Accountants.

1 and 3, Regent Street, London, S.W. 1.
1st October, 1924.

A Timely Exposure.

The *Financial News* has taken the coal distributors' figures and laughed them to scorn. Mr. Shinwell has no further excuse for delaying action.

Condoning a Farce.

The appointment of two new High Court judges does not touch the crux of the legal muddle. "Vacations" should be drastically curtailed—by legislation if necessary.

Britain's Plague Spot.

In Glasgow no fewer than 13,000 insanitary houses are occupied by people who have nowhere else to go. No wonder there is unrest in Clydebank.

Insurance for the Future.

Progressive Britain proposes to reduce teachers' salaries. Backward Spain has raised them all round. The moral needs no rubbing in.

Prove It!

Up goes the price of bread—and the bakers say that an increase is warranted. Profiteering is never warranted, and it's up to Mr. Webb to get busy.

Upside Down.

Bishop Hough is barking up the wrong tree when he attacks birth control. Let him attack the economic evils that render artificial restriction of families not only desirable, but necessary.

Politicians Should Blush.

Last year 1,537,990 people sought relief from the Guardians. And this is in the country that was to be made "fit for heroes to live in"!

Good!

The number of inspectors under the Trade Board Acts has been substantially increased. Not before they were needed, as our recent "sweating" exposures showed.

Confounding the Critics.

Since the McKenna Duties were removed the motor, piano and gramophone industries have been enjoying an unexampled boom. A sad blow to those who think fetters help trade!

Not Before It's Time.

The scandal of the Quarter Sessions quashing magistrates' sentences of imprisonment on drunken motorists has at last stirred the Home Office to action. Their enquiry must result in an alteration of the law.

Our Addlepated Firebrands.

We're not quite sure just what the "National Minority Movement" is, but we do wish someone would explain how a "minority" movement can be "national"!

It is to Laugh!

The Russian Soviet states that the number of Communists in England has fallen from 10,000 in 1920 to 3,000 in 1924. We doubt even the 3,000.

The Week's Best Joke.

In the *Sunday Pictorial* Lord Rothermere's Man Friday condemns the German Loan. His financial expert bawls its praises. Up to date we don't know which of them has got the sack.

The Wembley Scandal.

Once more we wish to emphasise that Mr. W. H. Pease, the defendant in the blackmail case at Marlborough Street Police Court, is in no way connected with JOHN BULL. Nor had he any power or authority to influence any article or comment published in this journal. He is only one of the many creditors of the Wembley Amusements Construction Company, Ltd., who was interviewed by our investigator in connection with our recent criticisms of this Company. Our investigator's conduct, needless to say, has our full confidence and endorsement, and our articles were published in the interest of the public.

Dartford Clover.

Dartford ratepayers must be a princely lot—or else their officials are priceless! According to their own Board of Guardians they have paid £875 in seven years to an able-bodied man and his family, and are now paying £9 9s. 2d. a week. Why work when you can be kept in luxury at Dartford?

The Lady With the Lamp.

When Dr. Elizabeth Michael, of Claycross, Derbyshire, was told that a miner had been hurt in a coal-mine she did not wait for him to be brought to the surface. She took a miner's lamp and tended his injuries in the pit while all the time the roof rumbled and a chunk of it fell on her hand. We admire her for her pluck and skill.

Life on the Canals.

On canals about Manchester there are 459 registered boats, upon which 484 men, 354 women, and 439 young children are living, in some cases in a state which discloses lamentable overcrowding. This is a state of things which ought not to exist. What has the Manchester Port Sanitary Authority to propose to remedy the conditions of life for canal dwellers?

All Dressed Up.

Hats off to the Todmorden guardians, who provide the inmates of their institution with Sunday cloth suits made to measure. Wearing these, the men can go out into the town knowing that they have not the pauper stamp upon them. A splendid way of making men, and of giving them hope in the future. And a lesson to other poor law authorities.

Inviting Disaster.

At an inquest on Thomas Fox, a milkman killed at a level crossing near Doncaster, it was stated that the gates were in charge of a nineteen-year-old girl, who, in the absence of any signal to indicate the approach of trains, had to depend on listening and looking out for them. Has the Board of Trade no power to prevent railway companies from thus exposing the lives of the public to deadly risks?

Down and Out.

Friends are sometimes found in unexpected places. A poor chap found two on the bench at Hull when he was charged with theft. Down and out, penniless, and broken to the world, he was tempted to steal, and fell. And the police laid hands on him, and placed him in the dock. From which the two magistrates who heard his sad story not only set him free but also paid his railway fare to South Kirby, where someone should find him a job to keep him honest.

A Short Way With Swine.

Congratulations to Sir H. F. Dickens, K.C., the Common Serjeant. When he had before him at the Old Bailey an unspeakable beast named Francis Peter Cox, of Cavendish Buildings, Clerkenwell Road, who had taken advantage of a helpless woman travelling with a child from Southend to London, and grossly ill-used her during almost the whole of the journey, he declined to hear police evidence regarding Cox's character, saying to the prisoner, "The most I can give you for this offence is two years' hard labour, and my sentence is two years' hard labour!" Other magistrates, please note!

After the Event.

Birmingham Corporation has taken to heart the lesson of the Nuneaton 'bus holocaust to the extent of framing regulations to ensure safety of passengers in the particular type of 'bus involved. Other municipalities, please copy. But what was the licensing authority doing when it allowed such deathtraps to ply for hire?

Dear! Dear!

Because "one of the men in my Bible-class recently told me that the way women dressed nowadays made it harder for a man to keep straight," the Rev. Dr. J. D. Jones, of Richmond Hill Congregational Church, Bournemouth, has been guffing about women's dress. We hope that the Rev. Dr. chains up that rampageous Bible-class man. No girl can be safe if he starts reading those corset advertisements!

A Purer Atmosphere.

Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter's recent plea in these columns for a purer atmosphere through the abatement of the smoke nuisance is reinforced by the Privy Council Committee on Industrial Research which has just issued its report. The Committee suggest that a further £30,000 should be spent on proper smoke control investigations. When improved health and economy go hand in hand the Ministry of Health should need no further spur to action.

The Human Machine.

FALSE PRIDE

by E. R. Thompson, M.A.

IF a delicate machine goes wrong, commonsense suggests an inspection of the mechanism to find out where the fault lies.

Commonsense likewise suggests that the mechanism should be inspected by a man who knows all about it.

It is surprising how few people think of applying such commonsense methods to the delicate machinery of their own minds.

Ill-temper, sulkiness, indecision, morbidity, all these things and many more are signs of a temporary breakdown of the mental machinery.

In nine cases out of ten the trouble is an idea or a set of thoughts acting like grit in the wheels.

It's often very useful to have a look inside the mind. It frequently makes all the difference between gloom and happiness.

A little occasional self-analysis—but not too much—is an excellent thing.

False pride is frequently the dirt in the machinery—the false pride that will not allow you to own yourself in the wrong although you know well that the fault is yours.

The result is that you brood. Fancied grievances begin to take on an air of reality. You soon begin to look at the world through black spectacles. And you make yourself and everyone else thoroughly miserable.

It is one of the infallible signs of the strong man that he is never afraid to confess he has made a mistake.

He has too much self-respect to indulge in self-deception, too much respect for others to allow misunderstandings to continue when a word can put matters right.

Next time things go wrong and the world begins to look black, see if the fault isn't yours.

And be strong enough to "own up."

Paraffin Profits.

Petrol has gone down, but paraffin, which comes from the same source, has not, and there is now only 2d. difference per gallon between the price of usable petrol and paraffin. And the oil magnates are getting away with it! Meanwhile, the dark evenings are sending up the sale of paraffin among users of lamps and the oil barons are raking in the profits.

The Stage War.

In the so-called stage war our sympathies are entirely with the Actors' Association, which is the only body that can be trusted to stand up fairly and squarely for the under dog. The better-class managers recognise this, and stand by the Association, whose indefatigable efforts to improve the lot of the rank-and-file should command the loyal support of the whole theatrical profession.

Kept the Water Out.

All tenants are not angels. Owners of some cottages in Spring Lane, Upper Clapton, spent £650 on each to repair damage done by River Lea floods, and raised rents to meet the cost. Whereupon some of the tenants went on a rent strike that has lasted three years. The fact that they have been ordered both to pay and quit does not move us to tears. They have had their innings.

Grab-alls in Whitehall.

Complaints are reaching us that a number of Civil Service clerks who earn good salaries are taking advantage of the short office hours they enjoy to take on extra work as operators in public telephone exchanges when they leave Whitehall for the day. We hope the authorities will put a stop to this. One man one job must be the rule while ex-Service men are unemployed.

The Only Way.

By means of co-operation the Carmarthenshire farmers have been able to eliminate the profits of three or four middlemen in the purchase of manures and feeding-stuffs. If they will now go on and apply the same principles to the commodities they sell to the public, milk and vegetables, they will set a wholesome example to the country. The news that they mean to try is the best we have heard for some time.

Where's the Whip?

The present price of wheat is the highest reached this year; but there is no reason why in the absence of sharp action by the Government it should not rise much higher before the depth of winter. As a result hunger will be the daily portion of thousands of British citizens, but that matters less than nothing to the cosmopolitan speculators who are allowed to batten with impunity on the sufferings of the poor.

His Dinner or the "Dole."

Because James Hart, of Springburn, while he was otherwise unemployed, did occasional odd jobs on a farm, for which he received no money payment, but was given his dinner or tea or a few vegetables, the Glasgow Sheriff fined him £2 for defrauding the Ministry of Pensions of the "dole." We have no sympathy with people who attempt to obtain unemployment benefit by false pretences, but this is surely a needlessly severe interpretation of the law.

Saved by a Dog.

A housewife in Mountain Ash, Glamorgan, went out for a few moments, leaving some clothing to air by the kitchen fire. During her absence a spark ignited the clothes, and what might have been a serious fire was only averted by the sagacity of a dog, which gave warning by whining and scratching at a neighbour's fence. What damage was done was made good under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Gift Scheme, as the woman was a registered reader. Great fires have small beginnings, and your entire home may be destroyed by a spark. If you are not a Registered Reader you should become one at once and secure yourself against loss.

Another Victim.

Life is difficult for those whom octopus money-lenders entangle—as a Manchester clerk has found out. To repay friends, who had lent him money to buy his house, he borrowed £150 from a usurer. And after paying £450 for this he still owes over £100. Shylock, holding the whip, the victim is now in a prison cell, and to be pitied.

Overcrowding ?

If the authorities take the trouble to have a census of the room accommodation available at some of the hotels in streets off the Strand and compare the result with the figures of couples booking rooms on any given night they will be surprised at the miracle worked in accommodating such a large number of bona-fide travellers. Enquiries as to the space of time for which rooms were occupied might help towards solution of the mystery.

Bogus Auctions.

Rogues of the rostrum who have reaped a rich harvest at the seaside during the summer are flocking inland now that the holiday season is over, and we would warn our readers in London and the large provincial towns to be on their guard against these gentry with the gift of the gab who open auction rooms wherever they can find a vacant shop in a busy thoroughfare and fleece guileless passers-by by selling trumpery watches and jewellery at exorbitant prices. The law has hitherto been far too lenient with such rascals.

A Way They Have in the Army.

Found guilty by court-martial of borrowing money from privates, Sergeant Michael McGrath seems hard done by after eighteen years' service for king and country. He admits borrowing 3s. because he could not change a note, and wanted to wire to his sick wife. The defence, supported by witnesses, is that he was transferred from a disbanded Irish regiment, and is now senior to several promotion hunters who want his stripes and have been "looking for a case." We look to the G.O.C. Aldershot to see that justice is done.

A Delayed Dividend.

Months ago the Trustee of Sir Charles R. McGrigor, Bart., and Co., in bankruptcy, informed creditors that he hoped shortly to declare a further dividend, the amount of which would depend upon the success of a claim for the return of Income Tax, Super Tax, and Excess Profits Duty overpaid by the firm. Seeing that so many of the seven thousand sufferers from this bank smash are widows and ex-officers without private means, it is a great pity that this dividend should be so long delayed. Who is responsible, the Trustee or the Inland Revenue Authorities ?

Slow Music.

A reader who entered into an agreement eighteen months ago with Bach and Co., of Birmingham, for the publication of a song, was informed that the business was taken over last December by a concern called Mayards, Ltd., 62, Oxford Street, W. Though the latter told him in May that his number was "well in hand," and again on August 1 that it would be "on the market in a very few days' time," it does not appear to have been printed yet, and our reader is wondering what has been done with the £6 that he paid towards the cost of publication. Such slow music is depressing.

Post Office Pettifogging.

A reader recently had an umbrella sent through the post from Newcastle to Birmingham. It arrived broken, and a claim was put in for the damage. A postal official eventually called and made pettifogging excuses for non-payment, declaring, among other things, that the umbrella was not properly packed. A communication with the Newcastle office brought the explicit reply that it must have been packed to their satisfaction or they would not have accepted the parcel for transmission. That should have settled it, but our reader is still awaiting compensation.

Problems of Life.

THE WAR MAKERS

by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

THE other day I took part in a meeting convened for the purpose of advocating the reduction of armaments and the substitution of arbitration for war. It was a non-party meeting, the principal speakers representing all the prominent political parties of the State.

The finest speeches were undoubtedly made by the most out-and-out opponents of militarism, and they made the deepest impression on the audience chiefly because of the moral passion with which they were charged.

But I noticed that running all through their indictment of war and war-mentality was the assumption that somewhere or other there existed a set of diabolically wicked people whose interests were served by fomenting strife between otherwise peaceable folk, and that in some mysterious way these unscrupulous persons were invested with the power of forcing an unwilling world to fight.

CAPITALISM, Nationalism, the military caste, the makers of armaments and the owners of newspapers were all jointly and severally credited with the responsibility for setting men to killing each other.

This kind of argument will not do : it is false to the facts. We all enjoy passing on blame and having a scapegoat to belabour ; it is soothing to our consciences but morally harmful.

The plain truth is that we all help to engender the war spirit. War existed before capitalists, nationalities, the military profession, munition factories and journalists were heard of.

At the worst these are only the modern means by which an ancient spirit finds expression.

THE real cause of war is selfish human passion operating through the group mind.

It is fear, mutual distrust, mass suggestion, national vanity, covetousness, jealousy, and the like which make wars ; and these are vices in which we all share. They are our natural egoism socially magnified.

It is impossible to believe that any set of men anywhere is engaged in plotting war for personal and private profit or aggrandisement.

But we are all guilty of it in so far as we allow ourselves to entertain a prejudice or a feeling of antagonism towards a fellow-creature or a class or nation not our own.

What is needed to end war is the same kind of change of thought and feeling which put a stop to witch burning, slavery, and infanticide.

War will cease when it becomes unthinkable. Let us individually do our best to hasten the hour.

Stupid.

It is merely stupid of the authorities to pretend that the facts of the Treasury Note forgeries are not serious enough to have given concern to those responsible for checking this form of crime. The statement that only thirty notes were put into circulation is laughable, and it is hard to understand a great department stooping to such stupidity.

Telling the Tale.

A young fellow giving the name of Chorlton and hailing from Burnley has lately been calling on residents in London connected with his birthplace, whose names and addresses he has procured somehow, and by telling a plausible tale of temporary financial embarrassment, obtaining sums of money. Lancashire folk, for all their hard heads, have soft hearts where a fellow-countryman in distress is concerned, but we advise them that this young man is unworthy of sympathy.

Fees First !

A reader who applied for a job as porter received a reply from "The Dolton Hotel Staff Agency," 10, Sherwood Street, Piccadilly, W., requesting him to forward a fee of 2s. 6d., when they would put him in touch with several vacancies. The concern claims to be "licensed annually by L.C.C.", which it may be, but it omits to print the names of its principals on its notepaper, as required by the Business Names Act under a penalty of £5. We do not recommend dealings with any employment agents who demand preliminary fees.

Cheating the Children.

The conscienceless clique of crooks who call themselves "The Westminster Charity Committee" are at present appealing for 1,000 subscribers to contribute 1s. monthly towards maintenance of poor slum kiddies. Collectors are calling from house to house with handbills bearing the words "St. George's Welfare Centre, 25, Battersea Park Road, S.W. Collections Committee : Chairman, Mr. C. P. Wilson ; Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Adamson ; Secretary, Miss Hilda Richmond." We warn our readers to keep their purses tightly closed.

Victorious Night Clubs.

Within the last week Scotland Yard has been busy making excuses for its failure to suppress the disreputable night-clubs whose activities we have exposed. These "explanations" won't wash. If the police had a free hand they could stamp out this evil in a month. Powerful influences are at work to hinder them.

A Cornwall Crookery.

We think it desirable to inform readers who may be attracted by advertisements or circulars issued by "The Cornish Arts Association," "The Women's Institute Supply Association," or "Raffia," that these are all organisations run at Polperro, Cornwall, by that captivating crook F. J. Nettlinghame, who has been there since we exposed his activities in connection with the Standard Housing Co. and Rusticana, Ltd. Knowing what we do of the gentleman and his methods, we do not recommend his "£2 2s. hats for 5s."

Scarcity of Fivers.

"Why have you not written me in answer to my letter ?" is the plaintive note of a supplementary circular signed by John Fenn, the hardy adventurer who sent out from his third floor tenement in Golden Square offers of £1,000 for every fiver subscribed to his "Peruvian Gold Expedition." The answer is simple. Those who received his budget of balderdash read JOHN BULL, and after our comments on the scheme decided to keep their fivers in their pockets. Which is as it should be.

Hungry Hungary.

A curious trade circular comes from Ullmann Frigyes, 12, Csaky Street, Budapest, Hungary, who offers £100 worth of miscellaneous goods in exchange for £20 worth of worn clothes, and adds, "Have work done in Hungary. Wages here are the cheapest. Average daily wages in Budapest : Female workers, 1s. to 1s. 6d. ; Menservants, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. ; craftsmen, 3s. to 4s." Seeing that there will probably be nearly 2,000,000 unemployed in this country by Christmas time, we hope none of our readers will encourage such sweating by sending orders to Ullmann Frigyes.

Film Faces & Mug Minds

An old hand comes out in a new guise.

ONE of the most impudent people with whom we have ever had to deal with is a young trickster named Donald T. Heaysman, who has passed from one audacious undertaking to another with careless unconcern for the people he has duped.

He has been a source of trouble to the police in various parts of the country, but has never been unfortunate enough to pay the real penalty for his trickery. On more than one occasion the police have hoped to put him in the dock in connection with his various impudent fee-snatching schemes.

It is a pleasant occupation going through life tricking people. Let us give a brief history of Heaysman's career. He ran a concern in Bromley, from an accommodation address, called "James Baxter and Company." Anyone who cared to send him £1 was able to learn from him the secret of how to make £50 a month. The scheme proved to be, not philanthropy, but pigeon-plucking.

Lots of Surprises!

Then he started the "Marquis Film Company" and extracted money from film aspirants on the pretext of giving them tuition. From this he became the "Imperial Vaudeville Company," and housed himself at 107, Charlotte Street, W. From this address he invited investment in a revue called *Surprises*, and it was not long before one discovered that the revue was appropriately named.

Heaysman stranded the company in the north of England without paying the artistes their salaries.

Not only has he caused the police trouble, but he has provided work for the Actors' Association and the L.C.C. also. He stranded a concert party called "The Rooks"—again appropriately named—and also another theatrical venture on the South Coast, leaving the artistes starving.

Five-shilling Faces.

The last time we heard of his amusement enterprises it was in connection with a fee-snatching scheme he was running which amounted to the extracting of 5s. from poor girls on the pretext that he was able to tell them whether they had "a film face."

That is why it is particularly interesting to note—and we direct the matter to the attention of the police—that he has dug up the "Marquis Film Productions" stunt, and from 36, Dean Street, Oxford Street, is at the present time advertising in the *Daily Telegraph* for film stars and their 5s.

He is also busy rehearsing a company at 77, Oxford Street, W., which he shortly hopes to take on tour. He is a bogus manager, a cunning fee-snatcher, a jack-of-all-trades, and people should steer clear of him.

Swan Song of the Sharks

AT last our persistent efforts to protect small investors are meeting with success. The Bill to be introduced in the Commons comes not a moment too soon—as will be seen from the further exposure we print below.

MR. A. M. SAMUEL, M.P., for Farnham, Surrey, is about to introduce a Bill for the amendment of the Companies Consolidation Act of 1908. The object of this Bill, which already has the support of members in all parts of the House, is the protection of small investors and their money.

During the past few years small investors all over the country have lost millions of pounds in shady concerns, respecting which the police have been unable to institute criminal proceedings owing to the inadequate state of the law. That is why hundreds of unscrupulous company promoters are at large.

Our further investigations into the affairs of the Commercial Permanent Money Society, Limited, which we recently criticised, have placed us in possession of some amazing facts.

Mr. A. M. Samuel, M.P.

The Commercial Permanent Money Society, Limited, was registered in 1913. Among its far-reaching objects were the accumulation of capital by weekly subscriptions, and the loan and advance of the money thus obtained to members and others at fixed rates of interest.

A man named Andrew Morton appears to have been the most active member of the concern, and it is interesting to note that he was one of the Society's "Life Directors." Mr. Morton is a particularly enterprising individual. He was formerly associated with a number of concerns called the Taylor-Mills Mutual Self-Help Money Societies, which are now very well known all over Lancashire, having become thoroughly notorious on account of the disaster and havoc they have brought to many homes.

When the Commercial Permanent Money Society, Limited, was launched, thousands of pounds poured into the coffers of this "limited" society from the pockets of the poor. Most of its victims were misled by specious promises, and by glowing literature which they were too illiterate to understand.

They were induced to believe that they would make immense profits by investing their hard-earned savings in this concern, and Mr. Morton literally "combed" Lancashire for money, and operated extensively in Carlisle, Birmingham, Glasgow and Grimsby in getting subscriptions from depositors.

When the Society began to go on the downward road—through the shameful mismanagement and reckless speculation of Mr. Morton and his associates, some of its more active members asked for their money back. They did not get it. Many of them got debentures as "security," and Mr. Morton induced others, by misleading representations, to provide more money in return for debentures.

The most wicked feature about this part of the story is that at the time these debentures were issued, the Society was hopelessly insolvent! It could not possibly recover from its bankrupt condition unless something in the nature of a miracle happened.

We know what ought to be done to people like Mr. Morton who openly and deliberately played these kind of tricks upon an unsuspecting public. But a graver responsibility rests upon the directors for taking fresh cash from the public at a time when they knew perfectly well that the balance sheet showed a loss of £196,262—a loss certified as correct by two experienced accountants.

From what we can see of this matter the directors have played a very shady game all the way through. Some of the balance-sheets were, without doubt, deliberately "faked" to show a false state of affairs for the purpose of misleading the public to subscribe more money.

Mr. Charles H. Plant, Official Receiver, has stated that the principal causes of this failure are "bad management and reckless speculative risks" and that "if the business had been carried on with care and ability it would have prospered."

What is the result? To-day the estimated deficiency of this rotten society is nearly £400,000.

In three years £66,000 was swallowed in salaries. "Law costs" accounted for over £3,000. "Travelling expenses" amounted to over £5,000. "Incidental" expenses came to over £2,000.

An illuminating item, "the embezzlement of District Manager," explains the loss of £450, and "Bad Debts"—about which there must obviously be the strictest investigation—are shown to account for no less than £203,242.

We tell this story to show why every member of the House of Commons should assist in our campaign by supporting Mr. Samuel's Bill. If they will do this they will make it a crime, punishable by law, for unscrupulous company-mongers to exploit those poor people.

The Bold Bad Bootlegger

Rum-running and boosting a cabaret come alike to him.

THAT extraordinary person, Lt.-Col. Sir Brodrick Hartwell, Bart., of Yeoman House, Haymarket, S.W., whose eagerness to ship special Scotch whisky to slake the burning thirst of dry-throated Americans has more than once been commented upon in these columns, seems to have tired for the time being of wearing the crown and wielding the sceptre of a Booze King, and to have assumed the less exalted character of a share tout.

There is a slightly regal air about his latest venture, for the investment in which he invites participation consists of a large block of shares in New Prince's (1924) Limited, the company which recently set out to resuscitate the fortunes of Prince's Restaurant in Piccadilly by the introduction of a cabaret performance providing frivolities as an additional attraction between the soups and the savouries.

The Baronet Booze King, turned Princely Share Tout, has issued a circular relating to his offer of sale of shares, which for some reason best known to himself he heads "Private and Confidential. Not for Publication."

There is, indeed, more than a slight atmosphere of mystery surrounding this offer of shares. The baronet does not state how he acquired them or from whom he obtained authority to deal with them, and the only light that has been thrown on this aspect of the matter so far is a statement by the directors of the company that the offer of shares is quite unauthorised and unofficial, and concerns the personal holding of a former director who recently retired from the board.

Sir Brodrick Hartwell, in his "private and confidential" circular, which is embellished with photographs of the front and back of the premises and a hundred or so of remarkably serious-looking people dancing during dinner within, paints a very rosy picture of the prospects of what he describes as "the most promising permanent investment which it has ever been my good fortune to have the opportunity of handling."

We do not wish at the moment to express any opinion as to the present or future value of the shares in this concern, but taking Sir Brodrick's estimate for what it is worth, it is difficult to explain his eagerness to get rid of them.

Why does he not hold on to them and secure for himself the handsome profits he predicts?

Possibly the Booze Baronet's earlier exploits enabled him to amass such a fortune that he is indifferent to acquiring further riches for himself! It was ever the method of the share tout to pose as a philanthropist, but it is a form of philanthropy which we cannot regard as disinterested, and we do not recommend acceptance of Sir Brodrick's offer.

Woman with a Brass Face

IN the hectic night life of London there is no more amazing figure than Mrs. Merrick, whose activities in running night clubs we have frequently exposed. But brazen Mrs. Merrick should be taught that she cannot defy a magistrate's order.

ARE the police hopelessly beaten by the professional runners of night clubs and illicit drinking dens in the West End of London, and are they content to acknowledge defeat? This question has to be asked, because the police have made repeated and even dramatic efforts to stop this undesirable traffic, with its grave perils to the young and unwary.

Those efforts, however, have obviously been futile. Will it be believed that the notorious Mrs. Merrick, who has been fined time after time for selling liquor after hours, fines that began in twenties and fifties and ultimately worked up to three or four hundred pounds with costs, is still carrying on in the night club life of London in circumstances that constitute the most impudent defiance of the police that could possibly be imagined?

Nearly a year ago she and her associates were fined some £800 for their conduct of the New Follies Club in Newman Street, W. The fine was paid, and the same evening Mrs. Merrick was carrying on again and boasting that fines did not worry her.

In July of this year she was again before the courts for her conduct of the "Forty Three" Club in Gerrard Street, W., and the fine in this case amounted to £400. The magistrate told her plainly that if she did it again she would be sent to prison.

Was Mrs. Merrick intimidated? Not a whit. She must regard the magistrates as nice old gentlemen whose bark is worse than their bite. Sometimes, people who run night clubs are brought up before the magistrates and fined, and an order is made to strike the club off the register. All that happens is that the club changes its name and a new one appears.

But in Mrs. Merrick's last conviction the magistrates took a stronger course. They made an order that the premises at 43, Gerrard Street should not again be used as a club. These premises *are* again being used as a club, and Mrs. Merrick is there in a position of authority taking the entrance money at the door and apparently running the establishment.

The establishment she is now connected with is being run on the old familiar lines. The rooms in the early hours of the morning are full of people. Drink is openly and freely served at all hours of the night by waiters in evening clothes. The prices charged are from two and three times as much as would be charged in a legitimate establishment during permitted hours.

A visitor is admitted, if Mrs. Merrick so desires, on payment of a fee of 7s. 6d. or 10s. Probably half the people who go in during the night pay in this way at the door. In the course of a night between two and three hundred people visit this club, so that the entrance fees alone must come to a substantial sum of money, apart from the enormous profit on the food and drink.

A number of dancing girls are in attendance. Their function is to entertain visitors, to be dancing partners to them, to order refreshments, and generally to encourage them to have the kind of time they most like to have in the hectic night life of London.

Presumably, these girls do not cost the club very much, because they charge the visitor for their services. A dance may cost you anything from half-a-crown to £1, according to what the girl charges and you may be disposed to pay her.

Some of these girls are young and very beautiful, with extremely nice manners, great skill at dancing, and very alluring and Bohemian ways.

Mrs. Merrick, whose infamous night-club activities are here exposed.

What ultimately must become of them is obvious to anybody with any knowledge of the world. It is evident that they are foredoomed to be sacrificed on the altar of Night Club Financial Profits.

What is happening is clear. It is a race to get in all the illicit profits in time to pay the fines that sooner or later must come. People engaged in such a race have no time to concern themselves with the morals of other people, to the temptations to which young girls are exposed.

Mrs. Merrick has introduced her own daughter into this night life—no more need be said on that topic.

But why is she not stopped? The magistrates' order has been defied.

The public is getting profoundly perturbed at the amazing immunity enjoyed by the notorious Kate Merrick, Queen of the Night Clubs. Why is she not sent to jail?

Her flagrant defiance of the law must be punished. And we publish this story calling upon the authorities to act—and act at once.

What's in a Name?

The deuce of a lot—when you belong to a racing family!

WE have found it necessary to speak out against the practice of tipsters, bogus bookmakers and other pests of the racing world who have used the names of honourable men of standing in the racing world. We are convinced that it is just as reprehensible for an individual to use his real name when, by doing so, he is bound to create the impression that he is in some way connected with prominent persons bearing the same name.

A case in point is that of the ex-jockey, Victor Duller, now turned tipster, advertising his claims freely throughout the country. Had Duller been content to proclaim his own name, and the fact that he was the jockey of that name, his action might be passed over with no more comment than that it is strange for one who was once a popular jockey under National Hunt Rules to have to fall back on this questionable method of earning a living.

But Duller goes further. In his circulars to the public he directs special attention to the fact that he is the brother of the popular George Duller, Junior, and son of the well-known trainer of the same name. This is done in a manner suggesting that because of his family he is able to tip horses trained by his father or ridden by his brother.

It goes without saying that the Dullers, father and son, are incapable of associating themselves in any way with the business of a tipster, no matter in what way he may be related to them, and it is equally certain that the last thing they would do would be to furnish Victor Duller with information about horses in which they had any interest. Yet so long as Victor Duller parades his family associations there are people who will jump to the conclusion that in some way they are in a position to buy the secrets of the Duller training establishment.

Any impression better calculated to harm a trainer and jockey in the pursuit of their calling would be difficult to imagine, and as an ex-jockey, Victor Duller must have been aware from the outset of the false position he was putting his unfortunate relatives in when he elected to trade as a tipster in the family name and to stress his relationship.

His father and brother have already been caused a great deal of pain and annoyance by his flamboyant advertisements, and they have forced Victor to publish a somewhat grudging and comparatively obscure intimation that they are not in any way connected with the tipster business, but the original advertisements have already done the mischief.

Like most of the tipping fraternity, Victor Duller has the gift of shrieking aloud his winners, but seems to be struck dumb when it is a matter of having to whisper that a few losers were sent out.

Sold Into Slavery

How could she be happy on sixpence a week?

IT is a great and a proud task to protect the poor and the helpless. It is a still greater task to protect the children of the poor.

We wish here to tell the story of Violet Nellie Ball, a sixteen-year-old girl who has unhappily come into the hands of the police. What chance has this poor child had in life?

Her mother died young, and Violet was sent to an industrial school at Bath to be brought up. From there she was sent out to service, and got a place as domestic servant with Mrs. Lock, wife of the Reverend Ernest H. Lock, of Church Cottage, Barbrook, near Barnstaple, N. Devon.

In a clergyman's house one might have thought that she would have found shelter and comfort and happiness. She did not. She ran away to her father's home in London.

Unfortunately, this is not all. She had an idea that she was owed money for wages—as all she got was 6d. a week, the arrangements for placing her out having been made by other people.

Squaring Her Account

Obsessed by this idea that money was due to her, she took from the clergyman's house £4 in money, and a fox fur valued at 15s. She thought that £4 15s. would just about square her account as she had been in service for about six months.

If that were her calculation she under-estimated her value, because she was really engaged at a salary of £14 a year.

But it is against the law to collect your own wages in this manner, and she was accordingly brought before Barnstaple County Bench and charged with theft.

If she had got her wages, which she had earned, she would never have been exposed to this temptation, and probably would never have stood in the dock on a criminal charge.

Where, then, did her wages go? This is the astonishing part of the story. The £14 a year which was earned was paid to the Bath Industrial School, from which she came.

The School's Queer Part

A more amazing arrangement we have never heard. Here is a girl who earns £14 a year, and gets only 26s. a year. The balance of over £12 was apparently to go as commission to the industrial school for getting her a job at 6d. a week.

On what grounds could the school collar this poor child's wages in this greedy and cruel manner? If it was to keep the child's money for her, what right had they to do it? It was hers and she had earned it. If it was to pay for her keep in the past, this is a very reprehensible way of collecting debts incurred by children.

It is child slavery to make a sixteen-year-old girl pay debts of this kind this way. How could she be happy contented on a pittance of 6d. a week.

Left in the Lurch

The Country is safe, so Tommy is forgotten.

WHEN the war-worn soldiers of the British Army were fighting with their backs to Paris to stem the last desperate assaults of the German troops in March, 1918, among the men who served the guns there were many who now find themselves in the same plight as Mr. R. O'Neill of 120, Elliott Street, Preston.

He was one of the old "contemptibles" who were called back to the colours for service in the Great War.

At the outbreak of hostilities he was drawing a pension of 6d. a day under the Royal Garrison Regiment Warrant of 1901, completing his twenty-one years' period by serving in the Reserve Division of Militia, in accordance with the provisions of that warrant.

When he was discharged after three years' fighting in France he was serving with the colours, and he naturally supposed that his pension would be reassessed under Army Order 325 of 1919, which stated that soldiers who were service pensioners before the war and had given satisfactory paid military service during the war would have their pensions reassessed under the rules of the order, one of which was that a man must be serving with the colours on the day of his discharge.

To his astonishment and dismay he was coldly informed that his twenty-one years' service not having been wholly with the colours, the provisions of that order did not apply to his case, and he must remain content with his miserable pittance of 6d. a day!

This appears to us a quibble to cover an error in drafting the order, which apparently overlooked soldiers of the Royal Garrison Regiment.

Bookie who Slung his Hook

WE have constantly called upon the authorities to tighten up the law in regard to bookmakers who dishonour their debts and leave their winning clients unpaid. Here is a case that needs the utmost publicity and official investigation.

THIS country is alive with crooked bookmakers, rogues who bring a slur and stigma upon sport, and laugh at the police because the law, in its present state, is not strong enough to cope with them.

The files of the Turf Guardian Society are crammed with complaints about people of this kind, and JOHN BULL is once again being inundated with complaints of bookmakers who do not meet their liabilities.

Until recently a rascal called George Clark, with a string of aliases, was the prince of turf crooks. Although publicity has stopped his activities for the present, an equally cunning fellow has taken his place, and is now trading as Charles Chapman and Co., at 57, Hope Street, Glasgow. He has, of course, no connection with Mr. Charles Villiers Chapman, the London bookmaker.

The way the game is worked can be best explained by reciting the facts of a typical case. A Suffolk reader took up an agency with Chapman and Company and, after certain losses, had something like £13 due to him in respect to bets made on football forecasts. He cannot get his money, and there are scores of punters in the same boat.

The literature of this concern is very alluring. It presents Charles Chapman and Company as a gilt-edged, steel-bound concern which will always play the game.

Short-lived Pleasure.

One gentleman, receiving their unsolicited pamphlets, decided to try his luck although he knew little about football betting. He won over £1, and got a letter stating that Chapman and Company had pleasure in enclosing his winnings. His wife was, after all, to get the promised evening at the theatre.

But no money was enclosed. When he politely wrote to the firm to tell them about their omission, he got a reply which stated that his winnings were sent to him in the letter which contained nothing when it arrived.

Chapman and Company appear to have had rather a lot of bad luck in regard to losses in the post. Another gentleman who had money due to him from them received a letter, which is a carbon copy of similar communications sent out wholesale, saying that the company begged to state in reply to his claim for winnings that they had no trace of receiving any winning commissions from him at all!

Prompt Payments—perhaps.

Chapman and Company, according to their notepaper, are a very important concern. "Prompt Payments, Fair Dealings and Security" is their slogan. Their London office is given as 53 and 54, Chancery Lane, Holborn, and everything goes to suggest that they are one of the most reliable bookmaking concerns in existence.

As a matter of fact, the Glasgow headquarters of Charles Chapman and Company consist of a small back room on the top floor of 57, Hope Street, where they have been in existence about a couple of months.

An inquirer found the office door locked, and only got a reply after repeated knocks. A young woman stated that the head of this gilt-edged concern could not be seen until late in the afternoon.

The inquirer discovered some rather strange things about Charles Chapman and Company, and their one-roomed office on the top floor. "Central 3426" is shown on their note paper as their Glasgow telephone number, but people have a futile task in getting into telephonic touch with them since they have no telephone at all, nor have they made any arrangements for its installation.

"Central 3426" is, as a matter of fact, the telephone number of a Glasgow advertising agent who has no knowledge whatever of Chapman and Company, but who has been put to considerable annoyance by the large number of enquiries received from indignant victims of the concern.

Nor is this all. Chapman and Company's London office, as stated on their notepaper to be at 53 and 54, Chancery Lane, does nor happen to be a Chapman office at all. The telephone number, given in their pamphlets as Holborn 473, does not belong to them either. It belongs to a typewriting firm who state that for a couple of weeks or so they received letters for Chapman and Company, who, in other words, used their address only for the purposes of correspondence.

From these facts it is evident that Charles Chapman and Company are a thoroughly unreliable, shady and crooked firm.

It is, of course, not a criminal offence to use other people's telephone numbers and represent yourself to be a gilt-edged concern when, as a matter of fact, you are only a bogus agency set up for the purpose of tricking the public.

Wake up, Police!

But it ought to be a criminal offence to take the money of losing backers and withhold payment from those who are lucky enough to win.

And we strongly urge the Glasgow police to make the fullest enquiries into the activities of Charles Chapman and Company with their alluring literature and their grabbing methods.

Dreamers of Gold

A Company that has heard about fools and their money.

THERE are many ways of making money, and one of the best is to buy in the cheapest market and to sell in the dearest.

Now, if you can get somebody else to pay part of your expenses you are obviously in a position of advantage to do business.

This is a discovery that appears to have been made by a firm called A. W. Saunders and Company, of 31, Prince Street, Bristol. They have a great scheme for making other people rich, of which they do not think anything the worse because it ought to make them rich also.

Roughly their scheme is this. You send them half a crown for instructionsand they send you a list of articles which they have for sale. You find the customers (who pay in advance) for Messrs. Saunders' goods. You deduct 4d in the 1s. from the customer's money as your profit. You send on the balance to Saunders & Co., and they supply the goods.

So far it all seems a nice and reasonable way of doing business. But how are you to get the customers? The answer is that you advertise for them. You send on the money for the advertisements to Messrs. Saunders and they publish the advertisements.

In other words you pay the advertising bills of this firm—which is a very good arrangement for them. It eliminates the risk on their part of losing money.

Ah, but they will say, you get 4d. in the 1s. on the goods sold. But if they charge you 1s. 4d. for a 1s. article, then they get the price of the article and pay nothing for the advertisement—a very good thing for Messrs. Saunders & Company.

Back from the West

Canada not producing the gold, he returns to fleece us.

A MOST dangerous crook is on his way to London from Canada, having been deported by the authorities there in connection with a series of frauds.

His name is Augustus Mackenzie, and the criminal records at Scotland Yard reveal that he has been known by many other names, amongst which are Armstrong, Robert Clarke, and Netley Lucas.

The police will not be able to keep him out of this country as he is an Englishman.

His career is amazing. Born of good parents, he ran away from home at the age of fourteen, and before he was eighteen enjoyed the pleasures of life at Borstal, where he was sent after his third conviction for fraud.

With influence, he got a job on the s.s. *Kenilworth Castle*, and absconded with money that did not belong to him.

He next became acquainted with a gang of thieves who plotted to rob the late Gaby Deslys of her pearls, and some idea of his courage in crime can be obtained from the fact that he became a personal friend of hers in order to sell her to his friends.

This plot failed. But since that time Lucas has been convicted many times.

Our Special Commissioner knows this gentleman's history rather well. He was, as a matter of fact, one of the "mugs" that Lucas, with his amazing confidence, set out to catch. Last year, just before his last conviction (respecting which we assisted the police with information) he approached our Commissioner and tried to obtain money from us for a story based on faked documents.

Crooks can be too clever sometimes. Lucas did not know that our Commissioner knew him

PERILS OF IMPURE FOOD

THE public is running many risks in its supply of food, says the writer, who is introducing a Clean Food Bill in Parliament. The present law governing this subject is antiquated, and following the amazing revelations of meat poisoning in "John Bull," people are demanding fresh legislation

by SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P.

IT is an astounding fact that while the nation is concentrating much thought and expending considerable fortunes on safeguarding the life of the people from peril by land, sea and air, the community is running many risks to its life and its health by reason of the peril in its food. Every day the constitutions of many people are being undermined and in too many instances fatalities occur as the result of impure foods.

Because of these facts I am hoping to introduce in the House of Commons a Clean Food Bill which will provide further powers to protect the food of the people from all pollutions.

At present the law governing this subject is, in many respects, very unsatisfactory. Most of our food laws were framed as far back as 1875.

One of the aspects of the food laws is that this question of pure food, which is obviously a national subject, is left in certain vital factors too much to purely local administrators whose ideas and ideals often vary with their geographical positions.

Why Food is Impure

In too many of the 231 local centres there exists, for instance, a different conception of what constitutes "food unfit for human consumption." It was explained recently in JOHN BULL that at Brighton there is a very lively municipal conscience on this subject; consequently, I believe, in that town the fullest advantage is taken by the Corporation of its powers.

But while this fact is Brighton's glory, it is the shame of all those other towns and cities that have no such system of food inspection.

Food is rendered impure by various means. It may be diseased before it leaves the producer; it may be fouled in transit from producer to market; it may be tainted in the retailer's shop; it may be rendered unfit for consumption by the purchaser.

Unfortunately, it is not always possible to trace the origin of impurification, and even when this is done the law as it now stands is waterlogged so completely that the guilty one may often escape.

An Amazing Story

One of the most remarkable effects of bad food has recently been brought to my notice by the editor of this journal who has had the case very carefully investigated. This particular case is rendered more serious as it apparently opens up a new source of danger.

It suggests that foot-and-mouth disease not only causes wholesale destruction among cattle, but can be communicated to human beings. The facts of the case are contained in a signed statement made by a gentleman in the Civil Service, living in North London. He says:

"My wife purchased from a certain local butcher a portion of flank of beef, which she salted the following day. An hour or so prior to salting she cut her left hand, wounding it deeply, and to some half inch long. Later, she complained of pain in the vicinity of the cut, together with smarting and soreness, the two latter, no doubt, being due to the action of the salt.

"The following day a cluster of small blisters (approximately twenty) appeared, encircling the wound. From that time the following symptoms were observed:

"Water blisters on the hands, between the fingers, on fore-arms, lips, mouth, tongue, throat, palate, knees, underside of toe-joints, and isolated parts of the body. These increased in size until some were a half inch in diameter, and a quarter inch high, and increased in number in the form of clusters. Eventually a rash appeared round many of these.

"They were, of themselves, painful, and when brought in contact with any substance, however soft, the pain was greatly intensified. Consequently mastication and swallowing became very difficult.

"As an instance, three hours were spent endeavouring to eat a banana, and the attempt was abandoned when only half eaten. Sleep became impossible, and walking difficult. A dribbling and discharge appeared from the mouth, running from the nose, also discharge from the eyes, accompanied by semi-blindness. The tongue was eventually swollen to twice its normal size. The following day severe shivering was observed.

Sir Kingsley Wood, M.P.

"My wife went to a London hospital when four or five doctors and surgeons, including the house physician, Dr. G——, failed to diagnose the case, but instructed my wife to attend for examination. Two doctors, after a lengthy examination, failed to arrive at a conclusion as to its nature, and ordered my wife's detention.

"The next day the resident Medical Officer examined my wife for the first time, whereupon he remarked to Dr. G——, 'What is it—foot-and-mouth disease?' That evening I saw Dr. G——, of whom I asked if the complaint had been diagnosed. He replied that it had, and that it was 'Peri—' something. The exact term I forget, but I understand it to mean 'Inflamed eczema.' He stated that he and Dr. G—— had touched upon foot-and-mouth disease that afternoon.

"Towards the end of the week, Dr. G—— extracted the 'juice' as he termed it, from three blisters, for analytical purposes. A week later he reported to Dr. C—— the receipt of a *positive* of three diseases from his analyst, but that none of them was identical in every detail with the complaint from which my wife was suffering.

What the Ministry Did

"I visited the Ministry of Health, and several representatives of that Department were sent to the hospital. Whilst interrogating my wife upon the purchase of the meat, of milk and butter, of quantities and where obtained, of rats, mice, cats and dogs present in the house, and of previous illnesses, they removed the contents and scales of available blisters (I had counted sixty-five on the left hand and arm), and also retained for investigation a piece of wadding used by them to wipe the inside of the mouth.

"On one occasion, a nurse in attendance jocularly remarked to my wife, 'I would have a decent complaint. I wouldn't have a cow's complaint.' This is significant of the fact that those in attendance upon the case were of opinion that it was some form of animal disease.

"The day before my wife was discharged from the hospital the Medical Officer conducted his last diagnosis and placed on the complaint chart:

Staphylococcal Infection of Mouth and Arms
? Foot-and-mouth Disease."

Fever through Shell-fish

This statement of an intelligent, well-educated man is deserving of serious attention in view of the prevalence of foot-and-mouth disease among cattle. But it is by no means unique, for the Ministry of Health itself states that there have been other cases of the disease being communicated to human beings.

And when the disease had its hold on the cattle on the Continent it was reported: "Human beings are catching the complaint in appalling numbers." I am glad to think that the best meat dealers in the country do everything possible and effectively so to prevent such a state of affairs being prevalent here.

Food poisoning is not confined to meat; there have been numerous cases reported with reference to shell-fish. Bad shell-fish are vehicles by which enteric fever and other diseases may be spread. During last October the Ministry of Health had to take steps in the matter of the mussels in the Ribble Estuary, which was so polluted that the mussels constituted a positive danger to the public.

Another fruitful source of food poisoning is certain canned foods. There are, of course, canned foods and canned foods, but in this connection I would like to take this opportunity of drawing the attention of the authorities and the public to the presence of considerable quantities of tin in certain foodstuffs. Among the foodstuffs in which the presence of tin has been reported recently are asparagus, meat extracts and soups of various kinds. In particular tins of asparagus so much as 2.9 grains of tin per pound have been found.

Menace to Our Health

Anything over two grains of tin per pound is liable to give rise to gastro-intestinal irritation, and during the past year there have been seven outbreaks of illness for which canned foods were responsible; three were attributable to canned beef, three to canned salmon and one to canned tongue. We do not, of course, condemn all canned food on this account, but it shows the necessity of care and vigilance and further Parliamentary action.

One case involved an outbreak of dysentery, resulting in twenty-four cases of illness and two deaths. This outbreak was due to some potted meat which had been infected by flies which were abundant in the shop where it was prepared.

It is safe to say that the public is running many risks by reason of its food every day.

But national health is far too valuable to be so jeopardised—hence my Clean Food Bill, in support of which there is now an overwhelming weight of opinion, but in respect of which I venture to appeal for active assistance in order that it may receive every Parliamentary consideration.

CARTOONETTES

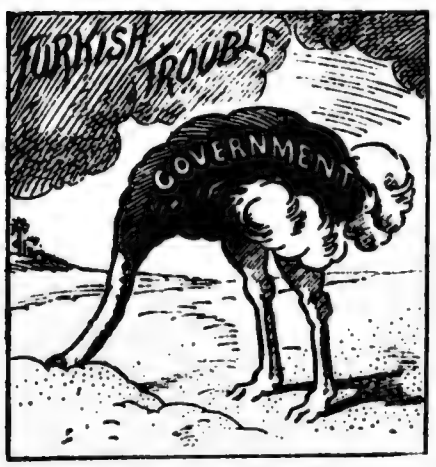
and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

Each cries in rage, as they engage
In deadly cut and thrust.
"Or thou or I may live or die,
But *one* shall bite the dust!"

This poor old dear will find we fear
Her wits want exercising;
No kitchen mop will ever stop
The tide that's hourly rising.

What's in the air? The witches there
Some evil stuff are stewing;
With looks of wrath they stir the broth,
There must be trouble brewing.



This foolish bird is so absurd,
Its ways perplex the stranger:
It hides its head like this, 'tis said,
When there are signs of danger.

The Sentence of the Court

CHORUS GIRLS & HIGHBROWS

"The Only Way" to Give Stage Underdogs a Chance

by HARRISON OWEN

ENTERING the dock like Sydney Carton going to the guillotine, Sir John Martin Harvey seemed about to hiss a rebuke at the limelight man for loafing when, suddenly recollecting where he was, he pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of unprofessional conduct.

"The jury is probably aware," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "of the dispute between the Actors' Association and the recently formed Stage Guild. The accused is one who has obstinately opposed the Association, declaring, somewhat grandiloquently, 'They will never succeed in unionising acting, because acting is an art.' If this were merely a squabble between rival groups of Thespians it would not be worthy of the Court's attention, but it is only by maintaining a solid front that the profession can hope to put down the bogus manager and protect its humbler members, notably chorus girls, against sweating, exploitation, and even worse.

"It was to combat these evils that the Actors' Association was formed, and the Valentine Contract, which it drew up, is the actor's Magna Charta.

"The Association may, in some respects, be open to criticism, but to object to trade union principles being applied to the high kick and grease paint industry on the ground that to do so would degrade a noble art, suggests a lack both of a sense of humour and a sense of proportion."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, defending, said that the Stage Guild already contained many of the best-known actors and actresses in England. So far as this dispute was concerned, he could assure the Actors' Association that "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our 'stars,'" for the "stars" had shown that they were eager to elevate their art, and not to degrade themselves to the level of wharf labourers, engineers and other humble members of society.

"The humble patrons of the pit and gallery referred to by counsel," said Mr. Justice Bull, "will doubtless be gratified to know that certain lofty mimes have no intention of descending to their level. But although we may gaze at the 'stars' in their courses with appropriate humbleness, lesser constellations must also be considered. The thought of becoming a trade unionist may

scarify the susceptibilities of a temperamental tragedian, but doctors and barristers entertain no such snobbish views, being proud to belong to two of the most powerful trade unions. I am certain, too, that a hard-working chorus girl would rather make a living as a self-respecting trade unionist than starve as an alleged artiste.

"If the bogus manager and the predatory producer are to be dealt with, the prisoner must know that trade unionism offers, so to speak, 'The only way,' and it seems to me that since, on the stage, he has so often given his life for his friend, Sir John might try a minor form of heroism in real life by sacrificing his somewhat old-fashioned vanity to the interests of his less successful professional brethren. If he cannot bring himself to associate with vulgar trade unionists in his own calling, he may find that the only alternative is a long stretch of solitary refinement."

Saints and Sinners

Wise Men of the East

By HESKETH PEARSON

And the Foolish Ones from the West

OUR present tenure of India is entirely due to disunion among the Indians. Even the Progressives over there are fighting one another tooth and nail; and Gandhi is powerless against the disruptive elements of caste and creed.

Up to date we have been unfortunate in our Viceroys and Secretaries of State. They have either been out of touch with native feeling or simply incompetent. And their hands have been tied by the "hedging" tactics of our Party Governments. It is, therefore, rather rough luck on Lord Reading and Lord Olivier (on the whole, the pick of the bunch) that they should be called upon to deal with a situation created by their predecessors which is frankly one of mutual distrust and ill-will.

LORD OLIVIER'S position, in particular, is absurd. He really believes in Home Rule for India, but he mustn't say so. Unlike every previous Secretary for India he has had a life-long experience of colonial administration. His sphere was the West Indies, where he served as Secretary of a Royal Commission on the Sugar Industry, as Colonial Secretary for Jamaica, and finally as Governor of that island during the eventful years that followed the Kingston earthquake.

HIS appointment in the latter capacity was a complete success. Though he never played to the gallery, he got on splendidly with all classes and races. His clear commonsense steered the colony through many a crisis, and when he left in 1913 there was an extraordinary outburst of popular feeling.

Lord Olivier.

At home he has proved himself one of the greatest Civil Servants we have had, one of those very rare individuals who can combine first-rate official ability with an exceptional aptitude for dealing with men. The ideal person, you will say, for the India Office? Given a free hand, yes. Otherwise, no. And I regret to say that it happens to be otherwise.

He is no more able to bring about constructive reform in India than Philip Snowden is able to introduce a Socialist budget. He has got to go slow. Which means that he will irritate the Anglo-Indians without pacifying the Indians. Left to himself he could probably make a lasting and honourable alliance between Britain and India. As matters stand he will almost certainly get on everyone's nerves and add confusion to chaos.

THE truth is that with India, as with Egypt, we must govern or clear out. There is no half-way house between the iron-hand and the hand of fellowship—the latter implying an alliance between equals. Anyone but a fool knows this; yet the whole of our policy remains the criminally idiotic one of sitting on the fence. We shall have to decide soon, one way or the other, because the alternative may be serious.

If we decide on the iron-hand, then we must do the thing properly. If we decide on the hand of fellowship, we couldn't do better than give Lord Olivier the job of clearing up.

What it Feels Like to Die

HOW do people die? How do they pass from this known world into the unknown next? We shall all die. As the poet sang: "One thing is certain, this life flies." In this engrossing article, from the pen of a man who has sat at countless death-beds, something of the veil of mystery is lifted

by A HOSPITAL SUPERINTENDENT

Mr. Philip Inman, a well-known writer on the subject dealt with in this article.

A NEW philosophy has arisen—the philosophy of the death-bed. "How do men die?" a woman correspondent asked me the other day. Here is her letter. It was sent to me as the superintendent of a large London hospital.

"Can you relieve my mind by telling me how people die? What is their attitude when they are face to face with the unknown? I do not ask out of any morbid curiosity, but because the thought of death terrifies me. Every day I think about the inevitable end, and I am afraid it is becoming an obsession with me. If only I knew there was nothing to dread I should enjoy life ever so much more."

My correspondent is not the only one to be troubled by this problem. By a strange coincidence many others are discussing the same theme. Magazines and newspapers are interesting themselves in the subject. A series of articles has just appeared on "The Last of Conrad," giving a graphic account of the well-known author's final illness and death.

An ex-Lord Chancellor who recently lost his brother has published an account of the closing hours of his life. Amongst the "best sellers," at a leading West End bookshop are volumes on spiritualism and the after-life. All these indicate the way the minds of men are moving.

A New Meaning of Life and Death

What an amazing transformation! We used to regard such things as morbid and melancholy. We allowed only the parson and the puritan to talk about them. To-day the subject has become of general and absorbing interest.

The Great War is no doubt responsible for the change. We who saw myriads of men cut short in the heyday of their powers have learned a new meaning of life and a new definition of death.

"How do men die?" wonders my correspondent. And thousands of others at one time or the other echo the same cry.

It is an enthralling topic—I have found it so for years—not sordid and sad as some people imagine. To see the last touch given to the portrait of life, to watch the last look, to hear the final words—that is an experience to quicken the emotions. Humanity is stripped of its trimmings and trappings. Sham and pretence are discarded, and for a fleeting moment life is seen as it really is.

Let me return for a moment to my correspondent. She is evidently suffering from severe mental strain. Life has become for her a ghastly nightmare; she is terrified at the thought of death.

"I was Not a Bit Afraid"

I would reassure her. There is nothing to dread. She can enjoy life to the full. From a distance death may be feared. But hills and mountains are never found on close inspection to be what we thought they were from afar.

I have not known a single one shrink from it when the end has come. I once talked with a man who had been given up for dead. When he recovered I asked him what his strongest impression was.

He replied, "I felt that my end had come. I was wondering in a hazy way what would happen, whether I should meet nothingness or another life. I was not a bit afraid: it seemed the most natural thing in the world."

It applies to every class. The great Dr. Jowett of Balliol was once dragged back from the jaws of death. In talking of it afterwards to his friends he said that the experience was "full of interest but devoid of alarm."

That is almost a universal experience. Death has no terrors for the dying. To anyone who worries about the end I would say: take care of life and let death take care of itself.

Other people are concerned not so much with how people die, but what lies beyond.

Spiritualism and the Beyond

A few weeks ago there was brought to my hospital an elderly woman who had been knocked down by a taxi-cab in Trafalgar Square. She was badly hurt, and the only chance of saving her life was by amputating both her legs. The operation was at once performed, but, unfortunately, the patient died under the anæsthetic. Her only child, a girl of twenty-five years, came to identify the body. She seemed not at all distressed by the accident. She remained calm and collected when face to face with the dead. Later I discovered the reason. She was a spiritualistic medium. To her death did not exist. She claimed that she would be in closer touch with her mother than ever before. The farrago of spiritualism is very prevalent to-day. From the Witch of Endor to the palmist or fortune-teller of to-day, those who profess to know the future have never lacked eager and credulous hearers.

That is why the death-bed has a new interest. People are beginning to ask, "Do those who are passing unravel the mystery of the unknown? Do they give any sign as to what awaits them?" Let me say at once that the majority pass away quietly and peacefully.

Angels, Music, and Loved Ones

But in my experience I have encountered some amazing revelations, and witnessed some astounding scenes. I have heard those on the verge declare that they saw angels; others have heard the strains of beautiful music; and some have stretched out their hands as though greeting those they knew and loved.

One remarkable instance is indelibly printed on my mind. It happened just two years ago. He was a boy, twenty-six years of age. He was brought to the hospital suffering from a serious internal complaint. When his illness became nauseating to the other patients he was removed from the general ward to a private room. From the first the surgeons pronounced his case to be hopeless.

I was with him when he heard the fatal tidings. He was inclined to rebel. After all, he was just on the threshold of life and had every reason to curse his fate.

When I next saw him a change had come over him. There was a new light in his eyes, and a new fire in his heart. He began to talk about the mystery of life, and the meaning of death. He would speculate about the Great Beyond. Readily and cheerfully he talked of his "way out."

His illness developed into tuberculosis of the kidneys, and quietly he was told that he could not live more than ten days.

For the first time he showed signs of impatience. He was just like a great liner at the landing-stage, straining at the ropes which hold her, anxious to swing down the river into the ebbing tide and into the great ocean.

On the evening of the ninth day he said, "I hear No. 14, ——Ward has gone. I shall join him to-morrow." He just lived the ten days. An hour before he died he called the nurse.

"It is so dark," he cried, "so very dark."

She told him that it was broad daylight, and that the sun was shining.

"Oh, but I can't see," he repeated. "Can we have the light switched on?"

It was done, but still he complained of the terrible darkness. Five minutes before the end there came into his face a look of infinite joy, and in a voice inexpressibly tender, he said:

"I can see now. It is wonderfully light."

Was it an illusion that mocked his passing? Heaven knows. Possibly the struggle wrung from him, as it sometimes does from those in distress, a prophetic vision.

Why do Children Die?

Why should little children suffer and die? That is one of life's insoluble mysteries. Yet to an onlooker there is nothing strange or unnatural in their passing. I have never seen one of them have what is commonly termed "a hard death."

Possibly it is that they cling to life so loosely. They do not talk readily of what is to come, but they know and guess more than they say. It is for them a journey to some place they have not visited, and they wonder how they are going to reach it.

"An aeroplane is coming to fetch me," said a child of seven who was nearing the end. That is their idea. It is an adventure, a release from pain, something to anticipate, not to dread.

Let me recall one fragrant memory. It concerns a boy eleven years old, who came to us suffering from a cruel form of cancer. Day and night he suffered excruciating pain, and yet never a murmur or a sob escaped his lips. He used to smile when the pain was bad, and whistle when it became almost unbearable.

The Great Adventure

Some of the happiest hours of my life were spent by that boy's death-bed. He was a scout, and loved to hear stories of adventure. We told him of Scott, of Jack Cornwell, of Garibaldi. He would listen intently and his eyes would shine with a new and strange light.

One day he asked, "Will there be boy scouts in heaven?" We knew that the end was near, and he knew it, too. Just before he died he said:

"I shall not have any more pain now, shall I?"

So he went out. There was a smile on his face. He had met the Great Adventure. That child was the bravest dier I have known.

The way out—the end of the road—to go west. So it is summed up. Why should we shun it, live in dread of it, thrust it aside?

We shroud it in mystery, and dub it "The King of Terrors." What a ghastly superstition! It is as natural as birth.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

**To the Rt. Hon. TOM SHAW, M.P.,
Minister of Labour.**

SIR,—The country welcomes your declaration that in disputes between Capital and Labour "there is another party with a right to be heard." In the past there has been an unfortunate disposition on the part of strikers to ignore the interests of the general public, and to fight for their own hand even at the expense of their fellow-workers. That this attitude must in the long run work serious injury to the true interests of Labour is an argument that calls for emphasis, and I am glad you have had the courage to speak out. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
House of Commons.**

DEAR SIR,—When you state that "whether we like it or not, the natural exploiter of Russian trade is Germany," you condemn yourself for your attitude towards the Russian problem. If there is a natural exploiter of trade, clearly there is trade waiting to be exploited. In that case there is no conceivable reason why this country should not, under suitable conditions, oust Germany from her position of "natural exploiter." In any case it's well worth trying.
JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. JOHN WHEATLEY, M.P.,
Minister of Health.**

SIR,—I hope you will lose no time in investigating the housing scandal to which I lately called attention. On every hand builders and speculators, including the "little man" putting up his own house, are being cheated out of the subsidy, although they have fully complied with the requirements of the Housing Act; indeed, it seems that the aim of your officials is not to encourage building but to hinder and hamper it in every possible way. If you are not careful the bureaucrats will kill your scheme.
JOHN BULL.

**To H. C. GOOCH, Esq.,
London County Council.**

SIR,—This month you are to be asked to sweep away the grandmotherly restrictions that at present govern cabarets and hotels. I trust the members of your Council will realise that this absurd mollycoddling is repugnant to all common-sense citizens. I am aware that cabarets and the like appeal mostly to people with more money than sense, but at least it is open—if foolish—indulgence, and prevents the spread of undesirable resorts. It is better to have open folly than to drive it underground where it tends to become vice. JOHN BULL.

**To OSCAR ASCHE, Esq.,
His Majesty's Theatre.**

SIR,—I am sorry to find that your prolonged absence in Australia does not appear to have improved your temper. It falls to the lot of every theatrical producer sooner or later to misjudge the taste of the public, but I should soon lose respect for them if they all displayed such childish petulance as you have shown over the failure of the French farce "The Royal Visitor." To sneer at what you are pleased to call "English hypocrisy" and suggest that the fire-hose should have been turned on those who expressed disapproval of the play will not gain you much sympathy. I am afraid you are suffering from a swollen head. JOHN BULL.

**To W. GRAHAM, Esq., M.P.,
Financial Secretary to the Treasury.**

SIR,—In case it has not been brought to your notice allow me to give you the outlines of a case in which your good offices are required. Three officers of the Lambeth County Court, whose combined service amounts to 128 years, have just retired. They have worked for the nation for over half their lives, and now that they are too old to work any longer they go into retirement without any pension. Surely you can see that this state of affairs is altered. Bring a little cheer into the twilight of their lives. JOHN BULL.

RAMSAY: "Hello, Winston! I thought you said they had no fundamental differences!"

**To the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.,
Home Secretary.**

SIR,—The efforts now being made by the police to end the scandal of the disreputable "night clubs" pleases me. Why don't you help them by securing for them the right of entry at any time for the purposes of inspection? This would obviate the carefully planned raid which, in nine cases out of ten, proves abortive. If the police had such authority it would do more than anything else to check the abuses that now flourish quite openly. JOHN BULL.

**To H. C. A. BINGLEY, Esq.,
Magistrate, North London Police Court.**

SIR,—It seems to me that you are taking a very dangerous line in announcing to drunken motorists that you will not in any circumstances send them to prison because the sentences may be reversed at the Sessions. My own strong view is that if the Sessions' Chairmen fail in their duty, this does not absolve you from yours—which is to make the law respected within the limits of your jurisdiction. Upon reflection I fancy you will agree with me. JOHN BULL.

**To Dr. C. S. MYERS,
Director, Institute of Industrial Psychology.**

SIR,—I have been much impressed by your statements as to the economic value of humane conditions in industry. It has been found, for instance, that fatigue has a measurable effect in diminishing the rate of output, and that excessive hours of labour show no gain whatever to the employer. In short, it pays to treat workmen like human beings, and not like machines. Such reasoning ought to convert the most hardened profiteer. JOHN BULL.

To the DEAN OF CARLISLE.

SIR,—If only the whole of the Church would take your attitude towards industry we should find ourselves escaping from industrial strife and turmoil. You argue that if greed and idleness are cleared out of industry the grounds for complaint would vanish. I am glad also to find you in favour of giving the workers a voice in the control of the conditions of industry and that the Church must protest against human beings being regarded as part of a great machine. The hope of the Church is centred in such enlightened minds as yourself.
JOHN BULL.

**To LEWIS MOORE, Esq.,
Chairman, Leeds Watch Committee.**

SIR,—The suggestion that motor-omnibuses should be allowed to ply for hire in competition with the Corporation tramways only on condition that they charge at least twopence more than the tram fare for the same distance is so outrageous that you were well advised to withdraw your resolution to that effect at last week's meeting of the Leeds City Council. If municipal tramways cannot compete on commercial terms with motor-omnibuses the remedy is obviously to scrap the trams. JOHN BULL.

**To W. D. BORRILL, Esq., J.P.,
Mayor of Doncaster.**

SIR,—Your Council are setting a fine lead for the whole of the country by taking steps to prevent welshing by bookmakers. You have suggested to the Racecourse Owners' Association that if they will guarantee the integrity of all their members you will undertake that only bookmakers who are members of that Association will be permitted to have stands on the racecourse. This is a fair bargain, and if the Association refuse the public will begin furiously to think. Such an arrangement must be put into force on every racecourse. I'll suggest it to Henderson.
JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

THE CHINAMAN'S SHIRT

Railway Aristocrats

BEFORE another "crisis" is upon us, it may be as well to apply a little common-sense to the problem of railwaymen's wages. We hear of all grades demanding shorter hours and higher wages, and of the unions squabbling among themselves, but the gist of the problem too often escapes attention. The crux of the situation is the question of tips.

Porters and guards earn liberal gratuities; drivers, firemen and signalmen, none. This is felt to be unfair, and it is unfair. It produces many strange and troublesome anomalies. It means that porters and similar grades requiring very little skill enjoy incomes which in many cases go far beyond the highest figure that the first-class locomotive driver can command. Some porters earn more than stationmasters.

The results are jealousy and heart-burning among the staffs, threatening at any moment to break out into active disputes. Signalmen, drivers, and stationmasters fail to see why the platform porter should be the aristocrat of the railway service, and as long as this feeling prevails there will be discontent.

By all means let every railwayman have a living wage, but let it be assessed on an equitable basis which takes account of all the facts. If much longer perpetuated, the present unjust system will culminate in a disastrous strike. The best plan of all would be for the railway companies to abolish tipping—that is, to forbid it—and to fix a new scale of wages ensuring a decent minimum for all and due preference for the more highly skilled grades upon whose efficiency the safety of the travelling public depends.

Our Best Investment

IF the Government allows the salaries of the teachers to be further reduced, its high professions of zeal for education will be stamped with the brand of hypocrisy. The salaries paid to teachers, men and women, ought to be high enough to attract first-class brains to a profession whose importance in any proper scale of social values is second to none.

The true strength of a nation consists in the mental and moral qualities of its people. Money spent on education is never wasted; unlike the millions sunk in the sands of Mesopotamia or frittered away in Palestine, the sinews of war supplied to the schools are an investment which will return interest a hundred-fold in quickened national efficiency and enhanced joy of living.

If we cheat the teachers we rob the children, and to rob the children is to endanger the future of the race.

A Little "Tale" with a Big Moral

WHILE it is true that more efficient production, both in machines and men, is badly needed, a complete overhaul of our distributive methods is the only way to ensure national prosperity.

THERE is a steadily growing belief that by some means or other the workers of this country must be assured of a better standard of life.

From the workers' point of view the demand comes in the form of a minimum wage—a minimum insurance, in other words, against deprivation, starvation and economic distress.

Outside their ranks there is an insistence on the fact that better productive methods, greater individual production, and hence an increase in the national wealth, are the only panacea.

There is something to be said for both these arguments; at least they are understandable points of view. But in our opinion neither of them touches the real roots of the trouble.

Sir Josiah Stamp, on whose analysis of the national income our arguments are based.

We can ignore the present temporary trade depression. Britain has been prosperous before, and will be prosperous again. But since modern commercialism became the economic system under which we live, the problem has grown persistently more difficult to solve.

The workers have fought an uphill fight, not merely for a standard of living, but for the very right to live.

There is nothing radically wrong with production. Britain can, and does, produce wealth in abundance. The trouble is that the wealth that is produced cannot be got into the hands that need it most.

Our economic system is a complete failure on its distributive side, a fact patent to the most unobservant, but strangely ignored by those who seek a way out of the impasse.

IT was once said that if every Chinaman could be persuaded to wear his shirt two inches longer, the whole of the unemployment problem in the Lancashire cotton industry would be solved.

Let us apply the tale to our own country. If every child in the slums could be assured of a pair of boots there would be no unemployment in the boot trade.

If every citizen could be assured of an adequate supply of the sheer necessaries of life, to say nothing of the comforts and luxuries, every mill, factory and workshop would be working, not merely full time, but overtime.

Periodically we hear of "over-production," "seasonal unemployment" and the like. What such phrases really mean is that production has overtaken distribution, that the workers cannot purchase the goods produced—in spite of the fact that they need them more than ever.

How can there be "over-production" while a single child lacks clothes, while a single man or woman goes hungry?

IT is largely a question of point of view. We are too apt to treat the worker as a cog in the industrial machine, instead of a human being with human needs; to treat him as a producer of wealth for *others*, instead of as a producer of wealth for *all*.

Britain can, and does, produce enough wealth to make this country a nation of happy and contented citizens. It is the duty of every thinking man and woman to see that this wealth is adequately distributed.

Housing Tortures

NONE can doubt the terrible urgency of the housing problem. The latest witness on this burning topic is Dr. J. Vincent Shaw, of Hereford, who describes the truly awful conditions under which he lately assisted at the birth of a child. The poor mite was born dead.

If it had lived it would have been an unwelcome addition to a family of six, a father and mother and four children, living in a single room. While the mother's ordeal was in progress the two elder children were asleep in a cot on the other side of the room, and a sheet had to be hung up in case they should awaken.

The two younger children were asleep on the woman's bed. There was nowhere else to put them. Those four walls were the boundaries of the house.

Already we have recorded our firm conviction that the housing problem is being badly muddled. The Housing Act confers definite powers upon the Local Authorities; yet many municipal bodies seem unwilling to move an inch without formally consulting the Ministry of Health. This shuttlecock arrangement wastes much valuable time, and in some instances bids fair to wreck the whole scheme.

Officials of the Ministry seem incapable of returning plain answers to straight questions, and in many cases builders and private speculators have been told that they will not receive the subsidy although they have complied with every requirement of the Housing Act. While this sort of tomfoolery goes on horrors like those which Dr. Shaw has described will continue to shock the public mind.

The White Plague

IN Great Britain alone 40,000 persons die annually from tuberculosis. Yet doctors say this dread disease is preventable, and the latest figures bear out their contentions; while others again hold that consumption can be cured.

Among the latter is M. Spahlinger, the young Swiss scientist who has spent the greater part of his life, and the whole of his fortune, in perfecting a treatment which has already achieved amazing results. How immeasurably sad it is to reflect that M. Spahlinger's life-giving labours are being hindered for want of money! If he were willing to sell his discovery to a syndicate, who would exploit it for gain, he could have all he asks for; but because he thinks first of the interests of suffering humanity he pleads for financial assistance in vain.

Yet if the Spahlinger treatment is good enough for wealthy men to exploit it is worthy of the earnest consideration of an intelligent Government.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS

by A. G. GARDINER

OUR politicians are going the right way to kill Parliament. The country does not want to be flung into chaos once a year in order to settle whether Tweedledum or Tweedledee shall be in office, says A. G. G. It wants Parliament to get on with the business of government.

Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., whose action in the "Campbell" case precipitated a political crisis.

WE are in the political rapids again, heading for another General Election, before the taste of the last and even the last but one is out of our mouths. To-day or to-morrow the Government may be out on the Attorney-General affair, and if they escape on that subject, as I think they will, they will be out a few weeks later on the Russian Treaty, and an appeal to the country before Christmas seems certain. If it takes place in December, this will be the third year in succession in which, just on the eve of Christmas, the country has been disorganised by a political crisis culminating in all the disturbance, waste and confusion of a General Election.

This will not do. I do not propose to say much here on the causes of this sudden hoisting of the storm cone. Two pistols are held at the Government's head. The first will make a big noise, but we need not expect any fatal result. Sir Patrick Hastings acted foolishly in two ways. He acted foolishly first in authorising a prosecution of the *Workers' Weekly*, and then he acted foolishly in withdrawing the prosecution. But he denies that he withdrew it under pressure, and if that is the case he will be proved guilty of nothing more than professional weakness, incompetence or lack of decision.

IN any case his function was purely professional, and as Mr. MacDonald on the part of the Government denies any knowledge of the affair, it is plain that a full-dress vote of censure on the Government as a whole is carrying the attack beyond reasonable limits. The Liberals are not likely, unless they have lost all sense of proportion, to support the Conservatives in forcing a crisis and an election on so inadequate a ground.

Sir Patrick Hastings needs a severe rap over the knuckles. He should be called on to stand in a white sheet at the Treasury Bench and confess that he has shown himself thoroughly incapable of administering his office. But his incapacity is not a matter for bringing the Government down and plunging the country in the turmoil of an election.

The more serious issue is the Russian Treaty, and here, as things stand, it would seem that the Government is bound to fall. The Liberals have decided to vote for the rejection of the Treaty, and as the Conservatives will support them, the result seems a foregone conclusion. Mr. MacDonald will go out, and the only question is whether he will resign or whether he will be entitled to insist on a dissolution and an appeal to the country.

THAT question will rest with the King. His constitutional right to ascertain whether either of the other Parties can form a Government is admitted, but so also is the fact that in practice the demand for a new election by a Prime Minister who has been defeated has been almost invariably conceded. It was conceded only last year to Mr. Baldwin, who had not even been defeated, but who wanted an election to give him authority to inaugurate a new policy.

That is the position as it stands. Everything points to the closing months of this year being submerged by a raging torrent of controversy on Bolshevism and Anti-Bolshevism. It will be a "Red" election in which the rights or wrongs of the Treaty will be drowned in a sea of wild rhetoric on one side and the other, and out of which nothing will emerge but the same Parliamentary triangle that we have at present—the Conservatives in strongest force, but without a majority of the House; Labour as the second strongest Party, and the Liberals as the third Party faced with the nice problem, whether they will (1) put the Conservatives in office; (2) whether they will take office themselves as the caretakers for the Conservatives; (3) whether they will form a Coalition with the Conservatives; or (4) whether, having put Mr. MacDonald in office last January and turned him out in October, they will restore him to power again when Parliament meets after Christmas.

WHAT is likely to be the outcome? I cannot imagine it will be 1, 2 or 4. There remains the Coalition, with Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Chamberlain reconciled and restored to power, half the Liberals joining them and the other half marching into the Labour camp, and the Conservative Die-Hards standing aloof in cold antagonism to everybody.

In short, the Russian issue, important as it is, will only be the occasion for a reshuffling of the Parties. That reshuffling may be inevitable. It may even be desirable. But I am sure the country does not want to be flung into chaos once a year in order to settle whether Tweedledum or Tweedledee shall be in office. The public is tired of elections. It wants Parliament to get on with the business of government instead of the business of Party manœuvre.

We have vast questions on hand which demand continuous and firm handling. The Dawes scheme for the resettlement of Europe is just launched; the Irish situation is in the most critical position; every day brings news of the storm that is blowing up in India; unemployment still hangs like a black cloud over the sky; housing, profiteering and a score of other matters that hinder the recovery of domestic prosperity are hot on the anvil. And as a panacea we are going to have another General Election, nominally to decide whether we are going to "clasp the bloody hand of Bolshevism," but really to settle whether we are to have a new Party distribution and a new set of tunes on the Parliamentary hurdy-gurdy.

IF we want to kill the Parliamentary institution this is the way to do it. Respect for Parliament, confidence in Parliament, cannot survive this perpetual rough-and-tumble by which the country is involved every few months in an orgy of passion that settles nothing and unsettles everything. I believe that Parliamentary government is the most precious thing we have, the instrument of reasoned change, the defence against revolution. But it must function if it is to live.

And it is not functioning. The Party scramble threatens to destroy it, and I see only one remedy. It is to elect a Parliament, as the French do, for a fixed term of years, and compel it to "carry on" to the end of its period. If a Government falls let another automatically take its place, and let the Parties fight their battles and make their deals within the House instead of turning the country into a bear garden every twelve months.

Are sickly, unwanted children brought into this world for the glory of God?

A BISHOP IN

THE awakening of the churches to the new conditions and demands of a swiftly changing time has manifested itself of late in many bold and even startling utterances. Thus at the recent conference of Modern Churchmen at Oxford, Dean Inge said that "it was difficult for a man to accept orthodox Christianity as the churches present it to him without treachery to his scientific conscience," that "intellectual honesty is to a large extent strained out of the Church," and that "public opinion within it does not reflect either the best knowledge or the most candid temper of the community."

To these testimonies of a changing faith Dr. Cyril Norwood, speaking at the Oxford Church Congress, added the very explicit and definite assertion that "it is unintelligent to think to-day that Christianity requires one to believe that man was created some six thousand years ago as a fixed and finished type, and that he fell from the state of innocence in order to enable God to show His love for men by the sacrifice of His Son." He further declared that "such beliefs hinder the spirit of true Christianity, and men ought to remember that reason and logic are faculties as divinely implanted in us as others."

Now it is to be noted that this bravely momentous pronouncement followed immediately after, and seemed in flat contradiction to a very different utterance by the Bishop of Woolwich. The latter had delivered an attack on "the use of all artificial contrivances to prevent conception, advocated by the euphemistic 'birth control' school." He denounced such devices as "clearly opposed to Christian conduct . . unknown to the animal creation . . . designed to satisfy the physical appetites of men rather than for the glory of God."

Bishop of Wool

To this belated proclamation of an antiquated view the speeches which I have quoted provide an effective and conclusive reply.

It is not by the legends of a nomadic Arab people, nor by the hygienic and social laws appointed to their needs and conditions of life, that we modern people must rule our conduct, but by the application of our divinely implanted faculties of Reason and Logic to the utterly different problems of our very complicated civilisation. The Jews had no lightning conductors: is that a reason why we should not divert the flash

MORE AXE: LESS TAX

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER *(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)*

ALL taxation is ultimately a burden on industry. To-day Britain is being taxed out of existence, and only a vigorous uprising of the working-classes against the monstrous excesses of the bureaucrats can save us from ruin and restore our interrupted reign of individual freedom.

Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden who, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, will read our contributer's views with interest.

SIX months ago a man came to live in my neighbourhood after an absence in India of nearly four years. He was like a schoolboy in his happiness. He loved our grey skies. He raved about our green lanes.

The other day he came to see me, and announced that it was a farewell visit. I said to him, "But I thought you were home for a year." He explained that his furlough was for a year, but that he could not afford to spend the whole of it in Britain. "I am going to France," he said, "because if I stay here any longer I shall have to pay income-tax, and a man drawing furlough pay, with a wife to keep and children at school, cannot possibly afford to pay the heavy British income-tax."

I thus learn that men who toil for all of us in the difficult climate of India, who are separated from their wives for years together, who have to deny themselves the delight of their children's society at the most charming period of childhood, and who have to live uncommonly hard in India in order to pay for the education of those children—I learn that these devoted servants of the nation cannot come home for a year's holiday in their native land without being tapped on the shoulder by the Inland Revenue and made to pay, out of their income, a full tax on their salaries.

THIS strikes me as niggardly. It strikes me as conduct unworthy of a great nation. But it strikes me as something even more important than this; it strikes me as an explanation of the continually decreasing popularity of Britain as a country to live in, and as a convincing example of our bureaucracy's stupidity. That bureaucracy does not get the tax on this man's income, and the country loses the benefit of the money he would otherwise spend in it.

Twenty years ago it was a common saying that for a man who loved an open-air life and who appreciated the atmosphere of freedom-loving people, no country could compare with Britain. The countryside was full of such people, who employed gardeners and coachmen, took a benevolent interest in the lives of their poorer neighbours, and contributed in a score of different ways to the vivacity and cheerfulness of our rural existence, and in more ways than one to the revenue of the country.

IN the same way the market towns and watering-places of the British Islands benefited by the presence of these people, many of them cultured people from foreign countries who gratefully lived in our midst, and some of whom started new industries in our towns. They spent a great deal of money, they enlivened the dullness of provincial life, and they contributed in rates and taxes a reasonable sum to the expenses of our national existence. Anyone could see that the country benefited in numerous ways from the presence in its midst of these friendly and educated people anxious to take part in our life and willing to pay for the privilege.

But nowadays I hear on all sides of me stories of people who cannot afford to live in Britain, and stories of people who resent the insolent inquisitiveness and sometimes the absolute injustice of the Inland Revenue, and so elect to live elsewhere. Many men retiring from India go now with their wives and children to live in New Zealand and Rhodesia. Wealthy men are to be found living in Jersey solely to avoid the income-tax. The colonies of British people in France, Belgium and Italy are increasing every year.

The same tyranny which is driving our skilled craftsmen out of the country (twenty thousand went last year to the United States) is preventing rich people from coming to live amongst us. It is the tyranny of taxation wielded by an immense bureaucracy.

I do not think the people of this country are sufficiently aware of the prodigious change which has come over our national life in recent years. From the time of Sir Robert Peel down to the time of Gladstone every great statesman recognised that all taxation was ultimately a burden on industry, and so practised a rigid economy, maintainiug a resolute mastership over the clerks in Whitehall, in order that British industry might face the world with as great a freedom as possible and with completest confidence in the economic wisdom of Parliament.

In 1853, Gladstone, with grave apologies to the nation, reintroduced a tax on incomes, but only to last till the year 1860. No one who lived in the 'forties believed that the income-tax was a permanent source of revenue, and no one would have been more outraged than Gladstone by the use which an unimaginative bureaucracy has made of this tax in recent years.

WHO suffers by this tyranny of taxation? Not the clerks of Whitehall, whose incomes are assured to them, and who can rely on handsome pensions in their old age; nor the very rich, who can still live in decency and comfort out of the remains of their incomes. No; but the working-classes of the country—they are the sufferers. The great trades and industries of the nation are bound hand and foot by taxation such as the world has never known. The creative energy of the British people is paralysed by the financial megalomania of clerks who know nothing of economics and are contemptuous of trade. And these self-same clerks who should be the obedient servants of trade and industry have become their master.

When will the working-classes of this country learn to regard "taxation of wealth" as a crowbar shoved into the industrial machine by which alone they can earn their daily bread; and when will they understand that the first reform absolutely vital to them at this critical moment is national economy?

I LISTEN to the absurd utterances of Miss Susan Lawrence with amusement, but when I reflect that many of the working-classes share her fantastic ideas about the "taxation of wealth," I am inclined to despair. For only a vigorous uprising of the working-classes against the monstrous and increasing excesses of the bureaucracy can repair the broken fortunes of British industry, restore the interrupted reign of individual freedom, and make the British Islands once again the best country in the world for a man to live in.

We do not exist for clerks to tax us; we exist as a free people to multiply and increase the general wealth of the British nation, and to develop our souls along with our Empire.

IN BLINKERS

by ALEXANDER M THOMPSON ("Dangle")

Bishop of Woolwich

of heaven's artillery from blighting and destroying our churches?

Our hospitals, our medical remedies for disease, our surgical appliances, are all "unknown to the animal creation": is that a reason why we should discard their beneficent aid?

The Bishop of Woolwich has ample opportunity in the slums of his diocese to observe the results of *un*controlled births. He has seen the babies of the well-to-do sleeping safe and sound in their cosy cots, with their round cheeks pressed on their dimpled hands, and he has seen, on his way home, swarms of other children still out in the streets, ragged and unshod in the snow-slush and winter's rain, sleeping sometimes under wind-swept railway arches.

Yet it never seems to have occurred to him that it would have been better for these poor shivering little waifs if they had never been born, and better too for the great Christian country on which they are turned loose, like hungry jackals, to prey.

They shiver and starve, beg and rob, and sicken and die, as the Bishop of Woolwich seems to think, for "the glory of God."

Meantime, the people of means, the healthy, strong men and women who can well afford to produce and rear lusty, efficient and profitable citizens, carefully limit their progeny to one or two.

The Bishop of Woolwich, if he preached from now till Doomsday, would never alter this effect of Reason and Logic as practised by the people who know.

But he still uses his educated intelligence, his trained eloquence, and the influence of his ecclesiastical authority to encourage the uncontrolled propagation of feeble, rickety, sickly human weeds, whose existence is a nuisance to their begetters, a martyrdom to themselves, and a peril and burden to the State!

For what end?

"The Glory of God!"

I have heard horrible blasphemy from drunken ruffians at public-house doors in Bermondsey, but none so awful as this episcopal suggestion of Divine plan and purpose. It appals, shocks, horrifies and staggers me.

Would it not be well if the Bishop of Woolwich tried the Divine attributes of Reason and Logic?

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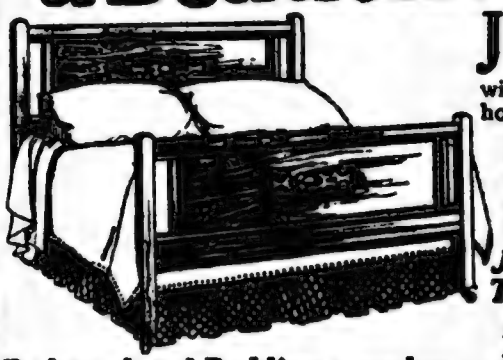

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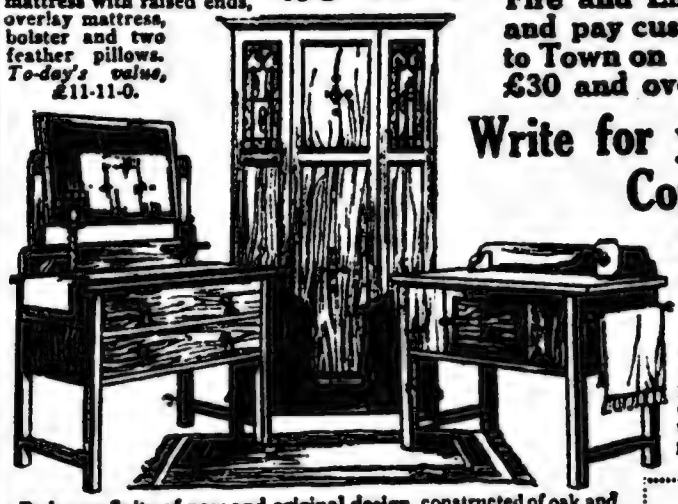

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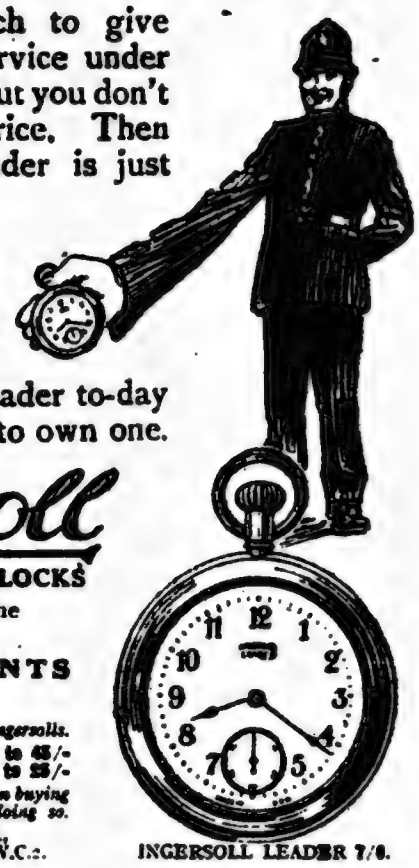

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TENS of thousands of girls and young women are toiling in trades which have no powerful organisations to protect them. And apparently they are forgotten by their luckier trade union brethren, who preach Socialism and forget to practise it

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

WHEN the great army of Labour and Government experts met and evolved the historic Trade Boards they all overlooked the most pathetic figure of all. They saw the swarthy and underpaid skilled worker, they heeded the bowed and sweated tailor, they waxed indignant at the deplorable conditions in the chain-making and other trades. And they remedied, to a very large extent, the most apparent injustices in most of these trades.

But they completely forgot the tens of thousands of girls and young women—the future mothers of Britain—toiling at a hundred trades which had no powerful organisations behind them, no protective body which could have held up a warning finger to the unscrupulous employers who bought them, body and soul, for the price of a dry crust.

Nobody's Business to Help

These enslaved girls are to be found in their industrial prisons all over the country. Indeed, it was the most astonishing fact, gleaned in the course of this investigation into alleged sweating conditions, that there wasn't a single authority who seemed at all interested in the matter.

It seemed to be nobody's business to give a helping hand to these poor forlorn creatures of cruel circumstances.

I came across definite instances of the exploitation of these girls on the part of big and small firms. Not a single girl belonged to a trade union; not one of them came under the jurisdiction of a National Trade Board.

"What are you all doing that this disgraceful state of affairs persists?" I asked indignantly of Miss K. Mannicom, the organising genius of the Workers' Union. Miss Mannicom's eloquence has earned for her the title of "Portia of the Poor." She answered more in sorrow than in anger.

"We are, and always have been, ready to help them. But they won't help themselves." Miss Mannicom, to my surprise, attacked the Trade Boards on these grounds: First, that they were cumbersome; secondly, they "exempted" old workers; and finally, that they set up too low a minimum. I answered that that had not been my experience during this investigation for JOHN BULL.

Shop Hours Act Completely Ignored

My plea through the columns of JOHN BULL, I told her, would be to take in under the official Boards the girls who were forgotten. That is the only way we can abolish slavery in its entirety.

In a great many trades a revolution had been effected so far as wages and conditions were concerned. Industries that were once great sweating dens had been changed out of all recognition. As a matter of fact, I don't think it is sufficiently realised how epoch-making this new era actually is. Trade Boards may be slow; but they are a sure safeguard against sweating.

Take that little complaining but much exploited class of public servant, the barmaid. Around the Hammersmith district I found case after case of young women being made to work from sixty to seventy hours a week for 12s. 6d. a week. Here even the miserable excuse of "tips" cannot be put forward.

Miss K. Mannicom, of the Workers' Union.

So far as they and the barmaid waitress are concerned the Shop Hours Act is completely ignored. Many do not know what a regular day off a week means. They start work before the "house" opens and continue to work long after it has closed. It is imagined that at least two hours respite is given them during the day, but usually so much extra work, washing up, dusting, etc., is found for them to eat all or nearly all of this supposed interval.

From the new spirit which is asserting itself among them I should not be at all surprised if there were lively happenings soon.

Greatest Problem of All

Undoubtedly the greatest problem of all is that of juvenile labour. In this respect I found so many instances of firms employing mostly girls just leaving school, in place of adult labour, that I began to understand the possible snag in the Trade Boards Acts. The Phœnix Telephone Company, for instance, may be perfectly justified in employing girls between the ages of fourteen and sixteen for winding telephone cables, but the pay of between 10s. and 15s. for a forty-seven hour week makes the Trade Boards a farce.

The Pencil Companies of Willesden and Camden Town are other firms which seem to specialise in juvenile labour.

Why do not these firms come under a Trade Board?

Biscuit firms, jam, confectionery manufacturers—in fact in most cases where packing has to be done—hordes of girls are brought in just as they leave school and are given 10s. or so for a full week's work. In thousands of instances when the girl reaches the age of seventeen she is thrown out on to the scrap-heap as being "too old"—meaning, of course, that they are not prepared to pay a little more than 10s. a week.

Doesn't it make you want to use strong language when a father has to tell such a story of slavery as this:

"I was reading your articles on sweating," he writes to me from Sheffield, "and it struck me I knew some worse cases. I have a daughter aged fourteen who works in a cutlery stores from 8 in the morning till 8 at night for 8s. 3½d. a week. Out of this sum she spends 2s. on car fares. She cleans the windows during the dinner hour. She is so tired when she gets home at night that she is unable to sleep. Four miles to work and four miles back." For 8s. 3½d.! Damnable I call it! And all thinking people will agree with me.

When they can't get young girls they get old women. These are usually employed at the tubs in laundries.

They do not come under the Trade Boards; they are all "exempt." The consequence is they are exploited at the tub for a few shillings a week.

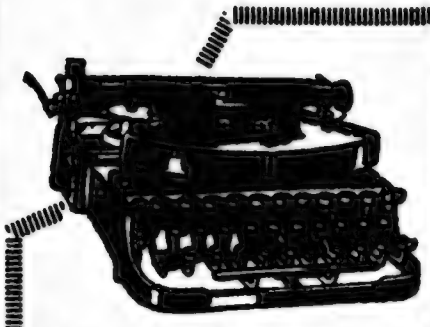
They put these old women on to do the donkey work in jam factories. A woman of sixty-seven tells me she "tops and tails" gooseberries at the rate of 4d. for two dozen quart jars. She strips twenty-eight pounds of black currants off the stalks for 4d.

Comparisons are Odious

Another happy worker tells me she cleans the lids of biscuit tins at the rate of 1½d. per hundred. The packers earn 5s. 9d., 6s. 9d. and 7s. 9d. for forty-eight hours. On the other hand, an Edinburgh young man of twenty-one who works at McVitie & Price's gets 24s. a week after five years' service. Out of this he has to supply his own white jackets and aprons.

He thinks it "a miserable wage for a man." So it is; but compared with the few shillings earned by the girls I have described it is almost princely!

There were many more touching cases of underpaid and overworked women brought to my notice. It is impossible for one to come in contact with this appalling sweating without feeling intensely sorry for those girls who have been forgotten.



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Human Documents.

The Man who Sought Death

And Other Intensely Human Stories and Problems from Real Life

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

"A LONG sequence of ill-luck, combined with folly and bad judgment, and culminating in two and a half years' unemployment, had taken everything from me, a down-and-out accountant. My wife and children were sixty miles away from me, living in one room in a squalid district of a large town. I had left them some weeks previously, in a last desperate effort to retrieve my position. I wandered from place to place in search of work, sometimes sleeping in a cheap lodging-house, sometimes under a hay-stack or on a bench.

"I determined to end my trouble in the only way possible. I started away with the intention of getting the job over quickly. The only method I could at all tolerate was to place myself in front of a train, which I thought would be quite painless. For four nights in succession I had slept on a bench in the covered playground of a school. An electric railway ran close by, within 100 yards. The district was one I had lived in previously, and although I had seen much trouble there, some cherished memories were connected with it.

"I WAS thinking of happier times as I walked along, but when I reached the spot I had decided on I excluded from my mind everything which I thought might weaken my resolution. I thought only of being free from cold, hunger and worry.

"I had to climb an iron railing to get to the line. I do not think I experienced any sensation of fear, although I allowed one train to pass. I caught a glimpse of stars beyond the signal light and thought that their mysteries might soon be revealed to me. Then it occurred to me that if I came in contact with the live rail I might be electrocuted before the train reached me, and, strangely enough, there seemed to be comfort in the thought.

"THE second train was signalled. When it was some little distance away I left my shelter, stepped over the signal wires and brought both hands down firmly on the live rail. To my great surprise I only experienced a mild shock.

"In a second the rumble of the electric train became a loud roar and I realised it was immediately over me. Then came a great surprise. The train was passing. I looked up and saw the footboard flying past me over my head—on the next line!

"I ran for the railings and hurried as fast as I dared to my shelter in the school. I got a little sleep towards morning and when I awoke found that with the exception of blisters on my hands, a black greasy mark on my hat, and my torn trousers, I was none the worse. A providential escape many people will think. I only know that as I cautiously left my hiding-place a gorgeous sunrise was spread before me, and I felt hope, which had been dead for some time, spring to life."

"Humanist" says:—*Yours is not exactly a problem, but I publish your letter because of its final paragraph, the dawn of a glow of hope. There are others down and out who may read this. I ask them to remember, before they abandon all hope, that the darkest hour is just before the dawn.*

Almost a Murderer

"SOME ten years ago I lived in a wild part of the United States, being then a buyer of horses for a firm in England. I had just been married, and it was unfortunate that I often had occasion to leave my wife alone, for a middle-aged beast resided in the neighbourhood who had lived a life of vice which had brought on bad heart-attacks.

"One evening I returned home unexpectedly to find the brute making a frenzied attack on my wife, and in the heat of the moment I took him so furiously by the throat that I left blue finger-prints there through my violence. By good luck I was torn away by the friends who had accompanied me, but my neighbour was quitting the house a few minutes later when he dropped dead—trouble brought on by the excitement.

"When I see to-day the hurried way in which the public condemn men as murderers without full and due consideration of the circumstances of the case, I am reminded of this narrow escape of mine of being committed for murder. Fortunately I was not alone or undoubtedly I would have been brought to book for a crime of which I was entirely innocent.

"If people would only withhold judgment until disclosure of the full facts, and if circumstantial evidence were looked upon with greater suspicion, it would be to the benefit of justice."

"Humanist" says:—*Of course you would not be hanged for defending your wife from a brutal assault. I do not quite understand what you say about people withholding judgment. Judgment is for the jury—which has the facts before it. The law on murder is the result of generations of experience. I for one have great confidence in it and in its procedure*

Down in the Slums

"I AM a wealthy woman interested in social welfare, and in order to get in closer touch with those requiring help I have become a teacher in a school situated in the worst slums of one of Scotland's biggest towns. In this way my committee and I have been able to help those in direst need, but the disclosures afforded by my activities have so much damped my enthusiasm that I am on the point of giving up the work.

"Last week I investigated a tragic case. The father and mother of the family, with their six anæmic children, had their miserable home in a converted stable in the centre of the city. The breadwinner was a confirmed invalid through tubercular weakness, and was totally incapable of supporting his dependents, so that the mother, of necessity, had to do her best to eke out a miserable livelihood by occasional cleaning.

"A fortnight ago my travels brought me to the home of a thirteen-year-old girl who is a pupil at our school, and there I found the one-roomed dwelling serving as the sleeping apartment for herself, her sister of eighteen, her two brothers of sixteen and twenty-one, as well as for the widowed mother.

"I begin to wonder if our puny efforts are worth carrying on with."

"Humanist" says:—*What you say is only a further reason for trying to help. Why give up a good work because you find it more necessary than you thought? Be glad of your capacity to help and use it to aid others less fortunate.*

Broken Blossom

"A SISTER of mine, ten years younger than myself, is going about with a married man, knowing he is married. I have pleaded with her to leave off seeing him, but she will not listen to me; says life would not be worth living without him. Now I find she is expecting a child by him, and if I do not take her in, none of her relations will. I am afraid to inform our mother.

"I want to take my sister in my home, yet my husband says he will not willingly agree to that as she has gone into it with her eyes open, knowing how it would end (and we have a young family).

"Shall I be doing right if I insist on her coming here to save my mother from the shock which may cause her death, and make the best of it with my husband? He is one of the best to his family, yet hard in this case. Yet I feel I want to help her from going to the workhouse, which is the only other place for her."

"Humanist" says:—*Ask your husband for your sake and for that of the poor erring girl to be generous and kind. In this world the more we help each other the happier we make our lives.*

(Continued on page 25)

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(*The famous Billiards Player*)
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You would give "almost anything" if the children would keep their teeth clean. Why not reward them with Wrigley's after every meal and *have the very reward itself* do the work.

Try this for a month and observe results. Less than a penny per day, per child, will pay the bill and will make them happy.

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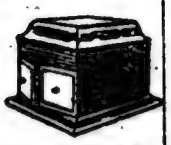

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(Continued from page 22.)

The Rogue Employer.

"My brother's employer is getting work done on credit for which he cannot possibly pay. Is it dangerous for my brother to work in such a place?"

Certainly. It is a dishonest concern and your brother may become involved unless he is wary. It is always bad policy to work for a rogue. Honesty is the best policy and it is always dangerous to modify it.

The Women Next Door.

"Two women next door to me are living a double life. They both have little children who are compelled to suffer all kinds of indignities in this situation. Should I go to the police?"

In a case of this kind I think you ought to inform the local representative of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. They have great experience in matters of this kind.

A Plucked Pigeon.

"A rogue has robbed me of my property. He has skipped abroad with all my deeds and money. I am penniless. The police can't act without the missing papers, which contain the only proof of his wrong-doing."

Go to a good solicitor, who will tell you the proper steps to take. It would be a poor thing, indeed, if a thief could make his theft the basis of his immunity.

Alien Employer.

"My boy, only fourteen, is working from early morning till late at night for an alien boot-seller. I am poor and need his few shillings a week, but his health, I fear, is breaking down! All the alien says is that if I don't like it I can lump it."

Try to get your boy another job. At fourteen he is only beginning life. He will have plenty of chances yet. Don't let him waste his time with such an employer.

Repudiating a Claim.

"My brother has had an order made against him for the maintenance of a child. He swears he is not the father. The mother is a loose woman. Must he go to jail if he refuses to pay?"

Your brother, of course, should have disputed the paternity before the order was made. The best thing he can do is to consult a solicitor who will advise him as to the steps to be taken to appeal against the order.

Adopting a Child.

"I am a childless widow, and am anxious to adopt a little girl, but I want to be sure that she will not be taken from me when I have grown to love her. How can I safeguard my rights?"

Obviously the answer is to adopt an orphan child, of whom unhappily there are too many in need of help. I am always only too glad to encourage those who wish to help little children without any question of material consideration.

Victimised in Youth.

"When I was a little girl of ten, an old man interfered with me and bribed me not to tell. I am now sixteen and understand things. If I tell my mother she will tell the police and I should be disgraced. What shall I do?"

Forget it. You have been unfortunate, but it would be an added trial to you to face publicity. If the matter were more recent I should certainly recommend you to inform the police.

A Poor Old Man.

"The sole source of income of an old gentleman, living with me, is his old age pension. He is a boot-mender, but if he works his pension will be stopped—so he remains idle, able only to have the barest necessities of life. Tell him what to do."

It is the law that if an aged person is able to work he cannot draw the pension. But there are suggestions in official circles that the Old Age Pension regulations may shortly be modified in favour of people like this.

Words Winged to Women

Babes in the Wood

by MRS. EDWIN GRAY, J.P.

THE mind of the public is taken up with the affairs of great moment involving the longed-for pacification of Europe, with economic and other problems of vital importance both national and international, so that it is not unnatural that but little interest has been taken in the three Legitimation Bills that have lately been before Parliament.

Mrs. Gray who, for many years, has been an ardent worker in the cause of reform in Legitimacy Law.

Yet it is of the greatest importance that the electors should know and understand what is being done by their representatives in matters closely affecting family life.

The Legitimation Bill introduced by Colonel Campion provides that if the parents of illegitimate children marry, the children thereby become legitimate, whether their parents were free to marry at the time of the child's birth or not.

Now it is most certainly women who have been the force behind the movement to improve the lot of the illegitimate child. Those who have had experience, whether as Poor Law Guardians, or in other branches of social work, have been convinced for years that the position of the illegitimate child in this country was almost as bad as it could be.

SOMETHING has recently been done to improve matters, but an illegitimate is still at law "nobody's child." It has no legal relations, it does not inherit from its mother should she have property and die intestate.

Women's societies have, with practical unanimity, recommended amongst other changes in the law, that subsequent marriage of its parents should legitimate an illegitimate child "as in Scotch law."

Scotch law, however, provides that the parent must have been free to marry at the time of the child's birth; in other words, children born in adultery are not legitimated in Scotland.

Those who desire to see all illegitimate children legitimated if their parents marry, whether born in adultery or not, say they are out to help the child and remove the stigma of illegitimacy.

Those who wish to insert the proviso that the parents must have been free to marry at the birth of the child, say that while they also are out to help the child, they do not believe that children in general will be helped by disregarding the possible injury to wives and mothers and legitimate children.

They consider that the wife and her legitimate children have the prior right to protection, and that the stability and importance of marriage must be upheld and safeguarded at all costs.

IT is bad enough for a wife to be aware, as is frequently the case of the existence of an illegitimate child of her own husband and of another woman. How much worse were she to feel that at her death the other woman, determined to regularise her position and that of her child, would probably succeed in taking her place?

Moreover, what about the feelings of the legitimate children, and what would they think about marriage?

The French have lately (1915) extended their law of legitimation originally passed in 1660; but the legitimation of children born in adultery is only allowed (1) if the father guilty of adultery had no children by his former marriage; (2) if the parent who had committed adultery was living under a separation order pending divorce proceedings; and (3) if the mother alone was married, and the child had been disowned by the husband and his heirs. Thus, even the logical French safeguard the position of wife and legitimate children and the family.

Surely the statesmanlike course would be to pass the Bill with the proviso, and leave any extension for future deliberations.

The Ever Open Door

NO matter how many doors are closed to you there is one that is always open—one that is never shut in your face.

It is the door that opens the way to the settling of all your problems and the solving of all your worries. It is the door of JOHN BULL'S wonderful Free Advice Service.

Come in through the open door with your questions and your difficulties, and our expert staff will lighten your burden.

It does not matter whether your problem is concerned with Love, Business, Finance, Pensions, Law, Domestic, Sport, Wireless, Ex-Service, etc.—write to JOHN BULL about it. Write as briefly as possible, enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply, and leave the rest to us.

We have helped thousands of our readers in this way, and we mean to help thousands more. From all parts of the country letters of thanks for our efforts pour in. We can help *you!*

Your problem is not too big for us to tackle; it is not too small. It doesn't matter whether you are rich or poor, man or woman. Our Advice Service helps everyone.

Our Travelling Advice Service Representative will be in Sheffield shortly. Sheffield readers desiring an appointment should write to us *now*. Other cities will be visited.

If you have been "done" you may save your fellow-readers from the same pitfall. If you are hesitating, we may save *you!*

J. D. C. MACKAY, *Principal, The School of Accountancy.*

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J. D. C. Mackay

This valuable Guide to Business Careers is sent FREE to all enquirers. It contains much useful information on business training and includes facts that will convince you of the money-value of The School's postal tuition.

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Jazz Band to Win the

Last Words on the Big Race—Each-way Bets—the Newmarket

IF I gave you all the horses which are going to win the Cesarewitch next Wednesday I should fill half a column of JOHN BULL. I am told that Rose Prince will create a "record" by capturing the race for the second time. Eastern Monarch is a cast-iron certainty. His race at Newmarket was only part of his preparation. Brisl, the disqualified Newbury Cup winner, has at least seven pounds in hand. Savernake is pitched in. I have not half a column to spare, so I will refrain from any more certainties, but I think that the four horses I have mentioned above are all very good each-way bets.

My Final.

All along I have been of the opinion that Jazz Band would win for Mr. Adam Scott, and I am sticking to my guns. The five-year-old has had a first-class preparation, he has never been better in his life, and, so far this season, he has always had his head in front when the judge's box has been reached. The minor positions I leave to Rose Prince and Savernake.

Adam Scott, the veteran trainer, who hopes to win the Cesarewitch.

No Betting on the Cambridgeshire.

The ante-post betting on the Cambridgeshire is not much of a guide to the small punter as I understand no stable commission has been worked for any of the quoted horses. The bookies are wonderful at window-dressing and there are plenty of mugs willing to be caught. The four horses I like best at the moment are Grave Fairy, Pasha, who will probably go instead of Pondoland, Purple Shade and Dumas. It will be remembered that Dumas ran a great race for last year's Cambridgeshire and finished third, close on the heels of Verdict and Epinard.

Snip Snap Snorum!

If we have many more affairs similar to the Snip Snap fiasco at Newmarket many punters will forsake the Turf and take to pigeon flying. The first rule of betting is: "Where you cannot win, you cannot lose." According to Tattersall's the backers of Snip Snap lost, yet they never had a dog's chance of winning. Oh to be a bookmaker!

Another New Jockey Coming.

Frank Dempsey, who is not related to the famous Jack, has accepted a retainer to ride in this country next year. Frank Dempsey is one of the crack Australian jockeys, and has been at the head of their championship on several occasions.

Do Jockeys Bet?

Recently I wrote a paragraph entitled "Do Jockeys Bet?" I notice that the sporting edition of a daily paper was good enough to reprint it together with a column of comments. Their correspondent stated that I had attacked the morals of the Turf, and that the Jockey Club should enquire into the allegation. "Do Jockeys Bet?" I wonder if my annoyed contemporary has ever heard that little saying, "Can a duck swim?"

Unpenalised Winners Make Money.

I met a punter the other day who told me that he made money on the Turf. I congratulated him, and informed him that he was a lucky man. There are over four thousand bookmakers in the country, and most of them live well—at the backer's expense. My friend only wagers on unpenalised winners—*i.e.*, horses who are disqualified and come out again without a penalty. The system is a sound one if you have the strength of mind to restrict your bets to this type of entry. It may mean one bet a month. The two most recent unpenalised winners are Razor—10 to 1 at Windsor—and Pearl Maiden Gelding, 5 to 6 at Leicester. This lucky punter will, naturally, back Brisl in the Cesarewitch.

Major Doyle and the Jumping Game.

Followers of the jumping game will be interested to learn that Major Doyle, who created a sensation in racing circles when he refused to bow to the wishes of the National Hunt Committee and take out a professional rider's licence, has now changed his mind. I hope the Major will be seen in the saddle regularly, as he is a splendid horseman.

Verdict should win at Kempton.

I am not going to tip anything else for the Duke of York Handicap this week-end but Verdict. I went solid for Lord Coventry's filly in the Jubilee, and we were then very unlucky to lose our money. You may not read of anything wonderful from Verdict on the trial ground, she simply will not "have it" there. She is a different animal altogether on a race-course.

PADDOCK PARS.

J. Taylor will ride Jazz Band in the Cesarewitch. He is the strongest jockey in the North.

* * *

Epinard would have won his second race in America in another stride. The verdict went to Ladkin by a very short head. The French champion picked up £1,000 for his lucky owner.

* * *

Have you noticed the number of ladies who are racing nowadays? Miss Iris Ford is the latest to contemplate joining the ranks. This young lady did stable work during the war as she hates nursing.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

Bath, Wednesday,
HAT ROCK, BOMBINO.
Bath, Thursday.
ARTEMIS, YELLOW UNDERWING
Pontefract, Wednesday.
B.D.A., AEROSTAR.
Pontefract, Thursday.
CRUSH, APPARENT.
Kempton Park, Friday.
WILLIAM TELL. BRIG O'DOON.
Kempton Park. Saturday.
GIFTED, HANGING FIRE.

SELECTIONS FOR OCTOBER 18.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.
HOME WINNERS.
Cardiff, *Preston N.E., *Sunderland, *West Bromwich A.
AWAY WINNERS.
*Spurs, *West Ham.
DRAWS.
*Arsenal v. Aston V., *Burnley v. Bolton, Bury v. Blackburn, Liverpool v. Sheffield U., *Manchester C. v. Huddersfield.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.
HOME WINNERS.
Barnsley, *Chelsea, Clapton O., *Middlesbrough, *Oldham A., *Wednesday, Southampton, Wolverhampton W.
AWAY WINNERS.
*Blackpool.
DRAWS.
*Bradford v. Derby C., Palace v. Leicester.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Southern).
HOME WINNERS.
*Aberdare, *Charlton A., *Newport, *Northampton, Plymouth A., *Swindon, *Watford.
AWAY WINNERS.—*Millwall, *Swansea.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Northern).
HOME WINNERS.
*Accrington, Chesterfield, *Halifax, *Lincoln C., *New Brighton, Rotherham, *Wrexham.
AWAY WINNER.—*Southport.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
HOME WINNERS.
Aberdeen, Ayr U., Queen's Park, *Raith R., *Rangers.
AWAY WINNERS.
*Airdrieonians, *Celtic.
DRAWS.
*Hearts v. Hibernians, *Motherwell v. Hamilton A., *St. Mirren v. Partick, Thistle.

(For coupon purposes nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

Why Not Real National

NEXT Tuesday, the F.A. Selection Committee has got to pick an English team to meet Ireland on the Everton ground on the 22nd inst.

There was once a time when the international championship was a foregone conclusion for either England or Scotland. Ireland, however, butted in in 1902-3, and shared it with the other two countries named and then four seasons later Wales arrived as a Soccer nation, and took the title.

The principality has repeated this feat twice since the war, and Wales are the present champions.

Why Wales has Won.

When you begin to compare the resources of Wales, as compared to those of England and Scotland, you begin to wonder how it is done. I can explain it.

There are probably not more than twenty Welsh-born players who are up to the international standard. From these the Welsh Selection Committee picks what it thinks the best eleven and if circumstances permit sticks to it.

The result is that whereas the Welsh team might individually be criticised from an international standpoint, the players have got to know one another so intimately that the Welsh team since the war has been a team and not a collection of brilliant units who know so little of one another that all of them have been more or less forced to seek personal distinction.

Stick to One Team.

I think the English F.A. should have greater aspirations towards the building up of a side.

Why, for instance, unless of course a player has been a conspicuous failure or is not available because of injury, is not the team picked to meet Ireland stuck to, and given a chance to develop as a combination.

Even if the recent trial game taught the committee nothing, they ought to know who are the best eleven English players. There may, in one or two cases, be a doubt as to whether which is the better of two men for one position, but that is beside the point.

England's Chance.

The Selection Committee is composed, or at least is presumed to be, of knowledgeable men who have the opportunity of seeing any man in the country they wish to.

Therefore, it should not be difficult to arrive even early in the season to a conclusion as to who are best qualified for international honours.

Were this done and the side picked for the first of the games persevered with, allowing, of course, for the qualifications

Cesarewitch

Fiasco—Do Jockeys Bet?—Major Doyle

HORSES TO FOLLOW

Spithead.—I mentioned in these notes recently that this staying son of John o' Gaunt would pick up a race for Lord Derby. He did so at Birmingham. Spithead is a fine natural stayer and should be followed in all long-distance races. Two-mile events are not beyond him.

Rock Fire.—Gilbert has got Rock Fire right at last and the horse showed a glimpse of his old form at Newbury. I made the son of Rock Flint one of my code selections, and shall do so again. He is a certain winner soon.

Flaith Mor.—I have been on the 'look-out for this one since he ran second to Roundhay early in September. The gelding must be backed first time out.

Jason.—Mrs. Solly Joel's four-year-old finds his form at this time of the year. The gelding was expected to win the Whatcombe Handicap at Newbury and was backed for pounds, shillings and pence. He just failed to catch the improved Hanging Fire. Jason will recover the losses this month.

Dumas.—All is now well with Dumas, and Captain Hogg's four-year-old must be considered for the Cambridgeshire. He has been on offer for some time at twenties.

Oojah.—This youngster was not disgraced when he failed to give a stone to Zionist. He went one better at Newmarket. So far this season Oojah has been very consistent and should capture another race before long.

Golden Hero.—I shall expect to see this sprinter picking up a race shortly. I noticed him going well in Alexandroshene's race at Newmarket.

The Ock.—I expect this gelding to win in the Midlands before the season ends. He ran third to Envoy in a large field at Birmingham.

Brisl.—Punters who believe in following up unpenalised winners must back the disqualified winner of the Newbury Autumn Cup. This Bridge of Earn colt has improved by leaps and bounds. In the early part of the season he received 16 lbs. from Forseti and ran behind Darling's horse. At Newbury he gave Forseti 1 lb., and beat him out of sight.

Secretary.—Take no notice of this three-year-old's form at Gatwick. He was very heavily backed by his connections but could not act in the mud. I said that he would pop up a long price soon, and I am still of that opinion.

Racia.—T. Waugh's youngster was terribly unlucky to be beaten by Pricelist last time out. The filly has disappointed her connections on several occasions, but she should be returned a winner before long.

Snip Snap.—Treat Lord Lonsdale's two-year-old as an unpenalised winner, and back him next time out. The youngster has been out eight times this year and has always finished either first or second.

"SILVER RING."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers —

Sporting Life, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Birmingham Mail, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Irish Independent, The Irish News, Sporting Chronicle and Chronicle Mid-day (Manchester).

X W E V R C U L O G J N K I

2 A Q S P M 3 Y H B T Z D F

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. Q R F Z W P K would read EPINARD.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from October 8 to October 14, inclusive.

Teams?

What the Selection Committee has been doing wrong.

I have mentioned, I think England might at last win another international championship.

I have not a great opinion of English football, collectively that is, as it is played to-day, but you cannot tell me we have not eleven men who ought to beat Ireland and Wales by a couple of goals, and also have at least an equal chance of beating Scotland.

Too Much Switching.

I shall be interested to see if this policy is pursued. I think I could pick a team which, this season, would win this season's championship even if the fixture with Scotland has to be played over the Border.

But I should stipulate that it would be preserved *en bloc* or very nearly so.

Where the Selection Committee has been at fault since the war has been in switching from one player to another, sometimes with reason but more often without it.

League Changes Probable.

Meanwhile the League games continue to fill the weekly bill. Huddersfield, as the champions should do, continue to make the running, but some of the other highbrow teams are dropping more points than they ought to.

I am surprised Bolton have not commenced to get a move on, but I still think that when they strike their real form they will rapidly make up the leeway.

Sheffield United are probably sorry they have had some differences with Gough, their goalkeeper.

In my opinion, we shall see the league table take a very different aspect before we are anywhere near the half-season stage.

Scotland, of course, has been perturbed over the defeat of the Rangers by Airdriconians, but an intimate of the former club tells me this would not have happened but for an accident to M'Candles.

Still, the Rangers have got to put up with these things like everybody else, and their defeat can only stimulate interest in the Scottish League. They may yet win the championship, but others will now be stimulated to beat them.

FOOTBALL COUPS.

My coups for this week-end are:—

7 HOME.—Bolton W., Huddersfield, Newcastle, Derby C., Brighton, Swansea, Celtic.

5 HOME.—Huddersfield, West Ham, Bradford, Swansea, Celtic.

3 AWAY. — Southampton, Accrington, Rangers.

3 DRAWS.—Birmingham v. Aston Villa, Stoke v. Wednesday, Brentford v. Queen's P.R.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Huddersfield, Swansea, Celtic, Accrington, Rangers.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Swansea, Rangers, Stoke v. Wednesday.

"35 Years Reputation on the Turf."

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AND

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(Member of the Leading Sporting Clubs)

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THE SPORTSMAN. — "*During the whole of his career as a Turf Accountant no unsatisfied claim has ever been made against him. He employs a large capital in his business, which enjoys a high reputation for fair dealing and integrity.*"

THE SPORTING LIFE.—"*The business of Mr. Chapman is one of the very largest of its kind in the world. Obligations are fully and honestly met.*"

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1/3rd the odds 1—2 if 5, 6 or 7 runners; less than 5 runners Place stakes go on to win.

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Winter Excursions to South Africa.

Excursion steamers leave for South Africa in December and January. The fares, including catering, are £30 third class, £60 second class, and £90 first class, for the journey there and back.

Why not spend Christmas on a well-appointed liner, cruising over a summer sea from the fog and cold of Britain to the warmth and sunshine of South Africa? A visit there is one of the great experiences of travel, and the sea voyage is smooth, enjoyable and recuperative.

Details may be obtained from the Publicity Agent, Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2. Write for descriptive travel book "F.X." It is free.

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Our Letter Parliament

Railway Fares Ramp

Our Readers Air their Views on This and Other Subjects

Pea for Sleepers.

The railway fares are not the only cause for complaint. Our whole transport system is rottenly inefficient. Why, for instance, should not it be possible to book a sleeper carriage unless one buys a first-class ticket? Could not there be third-class sleepers? I have travelled all night from Scotland, without getting a wink of sleep, with seven others in the carriage. Carriages could be converted so that a *bunk* could be let down over each seat—at about the place where the present luggage rack is.—*Harry James, Aberdeen.*

Scrap Them!

Your excellent motoring articles and my very irksome experiences of railway travelling have combined in convincing me that as road travel becomes cheaper, more comfortable and more efficient, so rail travel becomes in the long run more expensive, less comfortable and less efficient. This being the case, will not the time arrive in the very near future when it will be advisable to scrap the railways and use their tracks, which are both level and straight, for the construction of safe, fast, motor roads? — *Leonard Wootten, Sussex.*

Disgrace to the Country.

The railway companies have enough money already without making more by increasing the fares. Fares should be *reduced*—and reduced substantially. That way lies increased traffic and higher profits. Stock should be carefully overhauled, and the appalling and inefficient waste stopped. Travel conditions in this country are abominable. As one who has travelled all over the world, I say that our whole arrangements—accommodation, sleepers, catering, fares, etc.—are a national disgrace.—"*Traveller,*" *London, W.*

The Giant "Trust."

We who had hoped that the amalgamation of the railways would result in a better and a cheaper service were sadly disappointed. This was little else but the formation of a trust in which competition was eliminated. Now we are having to pay the piper with a vengeance. The danger is that the average man, who has little call to use the railways and whom, therefore, the ½d. increase won't affect much, will overlook the vital fact that the cost of living will be affected.—*Disgusted, Isle of Wight.*

Fighting the Ramp.

With reference to the article on the subject of the railway charges, I beg to point out that the National Association of Railway Travellers is at present engaged in preparing its case for appearing before the Railway Rates Tribunal, in an endeavour to secure cheaper fares for the travelling public. Power has been given under the Railways Act of 1921 for passengers to be represented, and it is by the means of a central organisation that the views of passengers can be adequately heard. In view of the fact that the companies have unlimited means to prepare their case, whilst on the other hand the Association is entirely dependent upon the subscriptions received from the travelling public to fight these charges, it is hoped that all those interested in this vital question will be good enough to communicate with offers of assistance of a financial or any other character. —*S. J. Read, Hon. Gen. Secy., 79, Queen Street, Mansion House, London, E.C.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

The Only Remedy.

The article on rail fares by Mr. Gardiner is a very powerful one. Since the railway companies have been amalgamated, train services have been worse than ever. For a train to be 15 or 20 minutes late is now no uncommon thing. Also, the prices of foodstuffs, etc., which have to be sent across the country are being held up by the excessive charges made by the railway companies. As far as I can see, the only thing to do is to nationalise the railways.—*J. H. H., Stoke-on-Trent.*

Hitting the Workers.

A. G. Gardiner's "Rail Ramp" article clearly shows the necessity for remedial measures to counteract the inefficiency and profiteering tendencies of the railway combines. In the Clyde Valley workmen's fares, which have been increased 200 per cent. since the war, and the present high freightage rate—with its natural sequence, increased food prices—impose an unwarranted burden on wages already sadly depleted. An immediate reduction in these two essentials would be far more efficacious than any political propaganda in diluting the "Red" hue of this industrial centre.—*J. R., Glasgow.*

Sharks on the Line.

Timely, indeed, are your comments on these transport "sharks." A 1½d. standardised fare per mile indeed! Your article uses too moderate a tone in describing it as profiteering. Waste and inefficiency there may be in certain directions, but certainly there is no inefficiency in money-grabbing methods, as the reserve of £130,000,000 proves. The nation's commercial welfare, and the wheels of progress, are evidently of no concern to a soulless group of grab-alls. Keep at them, and let the appreciative group of your supporters expose and fight them.—*S. G., Liverpool.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelope "Pie.")

"THE INDICATOR":—"The sum of 1s. 4d. and a doorkey WERE ADDRESSING THE CROWD on the subject of racing tips."

"SUNDAY PICTORIAL":—"He struck the water and went down. When he rose again the SEA WAS EMPTY."

"POPULAR":—"Hazel started to his feet, his FEET FLUSHING AND PALING IN TURNS."

"ULSTER HERALD":—"All PERSONS having Grocery Accounts with Mrs. —— if not paid on or before 4th October, 1924, WILL BE HANDED OVER TO A SOLICITOR for collection."

"DALTON GUARDIAN":—"The BRIDEGROOM was Mr. Robert Percy ——, eldest DAUGHTER of the late Mr. Thomas ——"

"STAR":—"When they reached LONDON to-day no representative of organised aviation was present either at LIVERPOOL or at Euston to greet them."

"GLASGOW WEEKLY NEWS":—"It is assumed that she PLACED THE TABLE ON THE CHAIR in order to pull it down."

"ARGUS" (Brighton):—"He is 34 years of age, with BLUE HAIR, and had small scars on either side of the face."

Good "Copy!"

It would be interesting to know the opinion of posterity when it turns up the files of our Sunday papers and examines the gilded publicity so freely and expensively given to the "exclusive story" of the dead victim's sister, mother, brother, or sweetheart, in all our most painful murder and suicide cases. It is hard to believe that editors can be so bereft of originality that they must depend on the action of criminals and lunatics for their "copy."—*Paddy, Edinburgh.*

War Inevitable?

I read Norman Angell's article with great interest. It is more forcible than all the "No More War" shouters. What might not have been averted in 1914 if nations had only stopped to ascertain if matters could be adjusted peaceably! Though war is a terrible thing which everybody professes to hate, I do not believe that we shall stop fighting till the end of time. We cannot help it. It is in the blood. Perhaps if we get a real conscientious League of Nations we may have the Millennium.—*W. H. J., London.*

Custodians of Peace.

Your contributor urges that world-wide peace will never be made possible until an unprejudiced and disinterested third party is available for appeal to by any two litigant nations, and points out that the League of Nations as yet falls short of the ideal by offering security to only one-half of the countries of Europe. The remedy for this lies in the election of the League's members by that part of the world's community benefiting most by prolonged peace—namely, the masses. Why not, therefore, have these custodians of concord chosen, as are our own members of Parliament, by direct election?—*J. MacAndrew, North Inch, Perth.*

All that Glitters.

If, as you say, "we cannot afford to receive reparations from Germany," because "the methods of payment would spell unemployment and stagnant trade for this country," does it not naturally follow that any loan made to Germany must ultimately become a free gift, for the same reasons that as we cannot afford to accept reparations we could not afford to accept payment of interest on the loan, because, presumably, the methods of payment would be the same? We could surely well afford to accept all the reparations we could get, provided payment was made in gold.—*E. H. Cole.*

Football Profiteering.

I should like to point out the profiteering which all the Football League clubs are engaged in. The amusement tax has not been taken off the "popular" enclosure, and the charge is still 1s., instead of 11d. That doesn't seem much to grouse about, but every team drawing twelve thousand is taking £50 more than it is entitled to. The bigger teams with gates of thirty thousand and over are getting over £100 more than they should if the amusement tax had been passed on for the public's benefit. This amount is enough to pay "the eleven's" wages every week—and that's where the odd penny overcharge comes in! Team programmes could be provided free to make an even charge of 1s.; whereas these are still sold in most cases at 2d. each and cost, I should imagine, less than ½d. each.—*W. A. Hilton, W. 6.*

Wonderful News for Women!

NO MORE UNCERTAINTY—NO MORE REGRETS ABOUT "BOBBED HAIR"

HOW "HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL" IS ENDING ALL HAIR TROUBLES AND ALL HAIR-TROUBLED MINDS

Big Free Gift Presentation of 7 Days' Hair-Health Parcels

THERE is wonderful and welcome news to-day for women of all ages.

Minds that have been agitated over the puzzling problem, "To Bob or not to Bob," will be set at rest. Women who have already had their hair "bobbed" or "shingled," to their regret—because they find it does not "suit" them—need worry no longer nor have recourse to wigs.

For the most heartily welcome news is now to hand that you can "wear" or "dress" your hair as you like, with great success, provided you only practise "Harlene-Hair-Drill" daily—a simple method of hair culture, development, and improvement that women everywhere—and men, too—are now invited by Mr. Edwards, the famous Royal Hair Specialist, to test and prove by a FREE 7 Days' Trial of "Harlene-Hair-Drill."

THE FIVE VIRTUES OF "HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL."

It has now been proved and established beyond the shadow of a doubt that "Harlene-Hair-Drill"

(1) protects "bobbed" hair against coarsening or other injury;
(2) causes speedy re-growth after "bobbing" if desired;
(3) banishes hair troubles and blemishes either in "bobbed" or "unbobbed" hair;
(4) preserves the hair under all conditions.
(5) prevents tendency to Premature Baldness;
(6) increases the hair's strength, softness, and loveliness, whether "worn" long or short.

To-day, any man, woman, or girl can test and prove this for himself or herself by accepting this most generous and timely offer of Mr. Edwards in the form of a Free Four-fold "Harlene" Outfit, of which 1,000,000 have been specially prepared for free distribution among the general public.

There is no excuse for any woman (or man either) neglecting the hair to-day. Don't worry your mind any more over the "bobbing" or any hair question. Dress your hair in the fashion and style that suits you best, and leave the rest to "Harlene-Hair-Drill." To enable everyone to give "Harlene-Hair-Drill" a thorough personal test, the Discoverer-Inventor of "Hair-Drill" makes the following Offer of a Free "Harlene" Outfit, containing everything necessary for a 7 Days' Free Trial of "Harlene-Hair-Drill."

Is Your Hair "Shingled?"

"Shingled" hair only suits certain types of women. Many girls and women have spoiled an otherwise attractive appearance by having their hair shingled. In all such cases "Harlene-Hair-Drill"—which you can try free to-day—comes to the rescue, and helps a woman or girl to grow luxuriant and beautiful hair, or, if a woman prefers to keep her hair "shingled," to preserve its beauty and lustre.

Are You "Bobbed"?

Don't think that "bobbed" hair requires less attention than hair grown to its natural and normal length and strength. On the contrary, less hair demands more care. You need not spend lots of money, however, for "Harlene-Hair-Drill" will keep your hair in perfect condition. A "Cremex" Shampoo, a little "Harlene," and a touch of "Uzon" Brilliantine will make and keep your hair full of life, radiance and lustre.

This is the Free Gift:—

1. **A Trial Bottle of the world-famous "Harlene-for-the-Hair," the true hair food and "tonic," which supplies to every hair root those important elements essential for healthy hair growth, and assures to every woman a perfectly healthy and beautiful head of hair. Men, too, find "Harlene" a wonder-worker in smartening up the appearance and preventing a tendency to "patchy" and general premature Baldness.**
2. **A Free supply of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which has the largest sale of any Shampoo Powder in the world, and which thoroughly cleanses the scalp and hair of all scurf and other enemies, and prepares the head for the most effective practice of the "Drill."**
3. **A Free Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final distinction, lustre, sheen, and radiance to the hair, and is especially helpful to those whose hair or scalp is inclined to be over-dry. "Uzon" has aptly been called "The Sunshine of the Hair."**
4. **Free "Manual of Instructions," compiled by the Inventor-Discoverer, containing invaluable hints and directions for the daily practice of "Harlene-Hair-Drill," and hair cultivation generally.**

Here, then, is an easy and economical way of ending all your hair troubles and setting your mind at rest.

For, under all circumstances and conditions, "Harlene-Hair-Drill" has been proved by thousands to be the best protector and beautifier of the hair. It prevents and banishes every form of hair trouble that threatens or attacks the hair such as

—Scalp Irritation and Scurf.
—Hair Splitting at the Ends.
—Weak, Thin, and Brittle Hair.
—Hair losing and lacking Lustre and Life.
—Hair that is Falling Out.
—Over-Dry and Over-Greasy Hair.
—Thinning Hair and Patchy Baldness.

Whether "bobbed" or "unbobbed" "Harlene-Hair-Drill" increases the beauty of the hair, gives it a polish, a softness, and a radiance that enhances its loveliness and adds a thousandfold to any woman's attractiveness and charm.

Do You Wish Your Hair to Grow Long Again?

Newspapers declare that "bobbing" is on the wane, and that hair fashion is changing. Many men prefer long hair in women. So thousands of women who have had their hair "bobbed" are naturally anxious. Some have found "bobbing" unsuitable. They wish to regain their lost hair, health, luxuriance and beauty again. Let them take up and practise "Harlene-Hair-Drill" daily, and they will be delightedly surprised at the results.

Do You Prefer Long Hair?

Let those who will, decry the full growth of the hair as "old-fashioned." The enormous number of letters received by Mr. Edwards, the Royal Hair specialist, daily prove that there are still many women who look upon their hair as their "crowning glory." Women who wish to keep their hair in lustre, luxuriance, and health should write for and accept the Free Gift of a "Hair-Drill" Outfit offered them to-day.

IMPORTANT TO MEN.

Although this announcement is meant chiefly for women, much of what is said applies also to men. Men will find in "Harlene" a true friend in need and deed, one which helps them to have and keep a youthful and smart appearance. Men of middle age who are dreading the oncoming of Baldness or Greyness, should accept this Offer at once, and so keep off the approach of "that aged look," which is such a handicap in business life to-day.

When, after the Free Gift, you have proved to your own complete satisfaction that "Harlene" does grow hair and conquer hair troubles, then you can always obtain further supplies of these wonderful preparations from chemists and at drug departments of any stores in any part of the world. "Harlene" at 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1/6 per box of seven Shampoos (single packets 3d. each), and "Astol" for Grey Hair at 3/- and 5/- per bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

Special Notice to the Grey Haired.

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound, "Astol," a remarkable discovery, which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene-Hair-Drill" parcel, i.e., 6d. stamps in all, when, in addition to the splendid Four-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.

POST THIS FREE GIFT FORM

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

DEAR SIRS,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit, as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

JOHN BULL, 11/10/24.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY, enclose 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" Hair Colour Restorer will also be sent you.

JB

GUARANTEED MADE BY THE KODAK COMPANY

200 coupons & it's yours

Think of it—a real first class film camera guaranteed made by the Kodak Company. Takes pictures 3¼ x 2¼ and is daylight loading.

Start collecting NOW by smoking "Black Cat" Cigarettes—the best ever—from to-day. There's a coupon in every packet and don't forget filling in the coupon below is worth five free to you—

Fill it in NOW.

Save your Blue Coupons however dated, and obtain this Camera or any of the other handsome gifts.

Only one of these signed Coupons will be accepted with each application.

Black Cat

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

TRADE MARK

10 for 6D

Here are 5 Coupons for a start

FILL IN THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

To: THE BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO., Dept. 8, Gifts Dept., 81, City Road, E.C.

Please send me Free Gift Booklet and Five Free Coupons

Name.....

Address.....

Motoring for the Million

It Works Like a Trojan

by MOTOMAC

WHEN the Trojan first appeared it aroused an unusual amount of interest. It may have been price, it may have been its absolute unorthodoxy. Even now when they are to be seen by the score in any populous district, people still look twice at them, or make some remark in passing.

They still appeal to the imagination of the public. Commercially that is an asset and it should be kept alive. In these days of big cuts made possible by large-scale production, if Leyland Motors could announce the Trojan at £100, it would create some stir. Our million are just waiting for that.

Meanwhile they are asking some very definite questions about it. In the first place they want to know if solid tyres are really comfortable. The answer is that if they were placed blindfold in the car they would never be aware that it was shod in any unusual way.

The springing of the Trojan is a very special feature. At the works, intending purchasers will be willingly taken over a dump with holes and stones and ditches at top speed. If you are very particular, pneumatic tyres can be provided as an extra, but if you fall for that you have deprived yourself of one of the main advantages of the Trojan.

TYRE troubles are about the only cause of stoppage in these days of mechanical perfection, and solids not only obviate these but are much cheaper to run. It is perfectly true that the smaller section solid is just about right for fitting the groove in a tram-line, but this can be turned out quite as easily as a small size pneumatic. On steering, especially on bad roads, you will experience a little more vibration on the wheel.

Maintenance and running costs on the Trojan are reduced to the minimum. The four-cylinder horizontal engine is very light on petrol, doing 40-45 miles to the gallon.

It is not a fast car, 35 miles per hour being a good average top speed. For ordinary purposes only top gear is required—the first speed, being very low, is really an emergency gear. The twin chains provide the most simple and effective form of transmission, are easily adjusted, and there is little likelihood of both breaking at the same time. Rated at 10 h.p. the tax is in keeping with the running costs of the car.

WHILE on the topic of unorthodox cars, it is interesting to note the advent of the new stream-liner designed by Dr. Rumpler. The car is not likely to be marketed here for some time, and in its present form is in the big class not really for the million. It is a departure from our present-day fashion, but it has much to recommend it. It is to be hoped that British makers will take the idea, experiment with it, and produce it in a smaller model in time for 1925 show; but that is looking ahead some.

For particulars of new cars and accessories fill in details and address to "Motomac," "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Information desired .....

If you mean to win a car of your own for 2s. you must now act quickly. This Competition, which offers eight fine Rover Cars and 100 other Cash Prizes, is *definitely closing next month*. The cars are light and economical to run, easy to handle and comfortable to ride in. Wouldn't you be glad to have such a car? The winners can choose whether they would like a two-seater or a four-seater.

Will YOU get one?

It depends on yourself. In the first place it depends upon how quickly you act. You have only a few weeks left in which to get your ticket and send in your solution. So why not sign the coupon below *at once*? Then you can buy your postal order when you go out to post it.

CROSBY HALL COMPETITION

PRIZES

Two 14h.p. Rover Cars
(complete with Self-Starters and full equipment).

Six 8 h.p. Rover Cars
—all 2 or 4 seaters—optional

100 other CASH PRIZES.

A simple voting ballot organised by the Committee of the Crosby Hall Endowment Fund, promoted by the British Federation of University Women.

TICKETS 2/-

3 for 5/-

The money for the Prizes was fully guaranteed before the Competition started.

Enter TO-DAY Before it is Too Late.

To the Director (J.B.2.), Crosby Hall Competition, Crosby Hall, Chelsea, London, S.W.3.

I enclose £ s. d. Please send me ticket(s)

Name .....

Address .....

.....

P.O.s and Cheques should be made payable to Crosby Hall Competition and crossed "& Co."

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WE DELIVER Furs to approved orders for a small payment with order. Balance in monthly payments if satisfied. Money back if disappointed.
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J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.
From 5/- Monthly

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WE will present a pair of "Articaids," free, to all applications received within fourteen days from date of this paper. Absolutely no charge and no obligation.

Articaids for the Deaf.

Invisible Appliance for the Deaf. No batteries, fits right inside ear. Small, light, washable. Simply write your name and address and enclose this advertisement with six stamps to—D. & J. HILL, Ltd., 532, Danjhill House, 267 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

Tatcho-tone *for Grey Hair*
TRIAL PHIAL 8D. POST FREE
CHEMISTS 4-8 5 CT. QUEEN ST. LONDON. W.C.2

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The highest point of **All British** engineering excellence. Warranted 10 yrs.
HANS RENOLD CHAIN; CLINCHER A-WON TYRES; DUNLOP WESTWOOD RIMS; SOWDEN BRAKES; B.S.A. FREE WHEEL; BRAMPTON'S HUBS; REYNOLD'S STEEL TUBES; WILLIAMS' CHAIN WHEEL; SPIRAL SPRING SADDLE. PRICE £7:10:0 (Lady's Model same price).
Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 10/- with order. Balance 10/- monthly if satisfied. Money back in full if disappointed
CATALOGUE Post Free
Complete range of Models
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.
10/- NOW

Reduce the "infertiles" and "dead-in-shells" and get many more eggs by adding mustard to the mash. Builds stronger stock—sturdier chicks. Thousands have *proved* it.

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Colman's Egg Register FREE—Write to J. & J. Colman, Ltd. (Dept. 21M.), Norwich.

I offer magnificent horn and hornless models in oak or mahogany, with any number of records on fourteen days' free trial. Packed free and Carriage Paid. First instalment only secures immediate delivery. Write for free lists. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Thousands of Testimonials.

Chas. T. Robey THE WORLD'S PROVIDER 10, COVENTRY.

John Bull's Letter Bag

LETTERS requiring a postal reply must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Documents should bear sufficient postage for return. Anonymous correspondents ignored. Names and addresses of writers are essential as a guarantee of good faith.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. *See page 25.*

T. S. (Ilford).—"So many people are living wrong." You're dead right!

E. S. (Dalkeith).—"You can't teach a fool anything." Your letter proves it!

M. L. (Holford).—"Is electricity really the source of all energy?" It's a current belief.

L. C. (Paddington).—"I claim to be an indulgent husband." Self-indulgent possibly.

W. T. C. (Elstree).—"Words fail me." Possibly because you seem bankrupt of ideas.

P. L. (Hereford).—"We haven't had much summer this year." We've had all there was.

H. M. (Brighton).—"The truth has never passed his lips." And very possibly even his teeth are false.

A. V. (Granton).—"What's the use of asking for advice, anyway?" It helps you to decide what not to do.

R. O. (Hindhead).—"What's the use of publishing novels about screen plays?" So that people can tell what the story was about.

V. P. (Chiswick).—"I should like to take you apart and speak to you seriously." No thanks, we don't believe in vivi-section.

L. W. (Barrow).—"I wish I knew the secret of popularity." Easy: find out what folk think and then tell them they're quite right.

N. O. (Horton).—"Why not build skyscrapers to relieve the house shortage?" Aren't there enough houses in the air already?

G. S. (Keswick).—"I'm afraid I shan't be able to go to Wembley this year." That settles it. The Exhibition simply must be opened next year.

S. Y. (Pontefract).—"I've not written the enclosed with the idea of seeing it in print." Then you'll be pleasantly surprised to see this much of it.

P. T. T. (Exeter).—"Whisky is not harmful if taken with plenty of water." But if you happen to forget, don't worry. The manufacturers bottle it ready mixed.

S. F. (Huntingdon).—"Try though I will, I cannot make morality fit into my scheme." Then reverse the process, and try to make yourself fit into morality's scheme.

C. F. M. (Glastonbury).—"A section of the Press are endeavouring to keep the public politically blind." And a section of the politicians are supplying plenty of eye-wash.

A. N. (Brentford).—"I find I cannot walk straight with my eyes closed." Don't be alarmed: the time to worry is when you find you can't walk straight with them open.

B. S. (Tenby).—"There's nothing else like work!" Fortunately!

G. B. (Gisburn).—"All men are barefaced liars." Except those with whiskers.

E. E. (Lowestoft).—"I'd like to see the man *I'd* marry!" We believe you would.

J. C. D. (Leeds).—"Virtue always triumphs over vice at the end." Always—in reel life.

T. F. J. (Ilford).—"I know an awfully disagreeable man who lives alone." Very kind of him.

N. G. (Malvern).—"Let us be up and doing." Let's! But let's be careful whom we do!

C. H. (Harrogate).—"A man likes a girl to smile at him." But he hates her to laugh at him.

F. D. (Guildford).—"I am a girl, and am engaged in a printing works." Who's the lucky man?

H. N. (Pudsey).—"She mends my socks so that you couldn't tell them from new." That's darned fine.

L. L. (Hodnett).—"With politicians lies the remedy for our distress." As you say, with politicians lies.

R. R. F. (Bath).—"It puzzles me how some of these Parliamentary Bills are drafted." It puzzles us *why*.

O. P. (Kendal).—"All the fuss over Jackie Coogan made me tired." Just what it did to Jackie Coogan.

K. S. (Fareham).—"I'm going to take a tramp through Scotland." Do you think the tramp will really like it?

N. B. (Liverpool).—"I am a chiropodist and think of going abroad." Looking for fresh worlds to corn-cure apparently.

S. T. (Dewsbury).—"But I can sell gramophones at half the price charged elsewhere." That's sound value. We've put it on record.

T. S. B. (Carluke).—"As proof, I enclose a print of a photograph of the salmon in question." We'd rather have seen it on the plate.

J. O'G. (Rugby).—"There is too much carelessness. The horses are allowed to start anyhow." And the one you back usually finishes nowhere.

A. H. C. (Leeds).—"I do not pretend to be any better than I am." Possibly that's because you're not so good as that.

G. L. (Reading).—"A smiling face goes a long way." Sure! We brought ours to the office with us this morning.

D. B. (Wellington).—"Miss Maude Royden is absolutely right." We telephoned her the glad news as soon as ever we got your letter.

T. E. (Perth).—"If you would lend me a fiver I should be indebted to you for ever." Just why we don't propose to lend it to you.

C. B. R. (Glasgow).—"As a vegetarian I agree with all you say about putrid meat." Then you *haven't* a bone to pick with us.

D. D. (Worcester).—"JOHN BULL is deserving of great credit." Thanks for the kind thought, but we manage to pay as we go all right.

G. H. (Maida Vale).—"I can see nothing hilariously funny in a man wearing a monocle." Aren't there any mirrors round your way?

N. E. (Stone).—"Can it be that our politicians are intellectual imbeciles?" Observe, my dear Watson, the stimulating effects of reading JOHN BULL!

M. S. (Hatch End).—I should not like to spend half my time up in the air in an aeroplane." And we shouldn't like to do it *without* the aeroplane.

D. L. (Salisbury).—"I had to pay in advance and the first night slept on the wire mattress." Apparently your landlady's motto was "no tick."

M. M. (Arbroath).—"England has cheapened herself because of her lack of National Spirit." While Scotland's has gone up to 12s. 6d. a bottle.

K. E. D (Newton).—"And why should the father not stay in and look after the kiddies?" Mainly because he can look after them so much better by going out and getting a job.

W. D. C. (York).—"Billiards has proved the ruination of many young men." Not necessarily. While we've noticed some of them going to pot, we've known others who found themselves in pocket.

S. W. (Macclesfield).—"A tipsy man I simply can't stand." He simply can't stand, either.

H. P. (Brixham).—"It is ridiculous to say that a judge is overworked." Yet he has a trying time.

H. A. C. (Clapham).—"The short skirt makes a girl look slim." And a man look round.

P. C. (Folkestone).—"It is comforting to have something to fall back on." A nice easy chair, for example.

P. B. J. (Southwark).—"Most people think the short skirt very becoming." It's becoming very much shorter.

H. Y. (Chatham).—"The beer question should be regarded seriously." We agree. It is a matter of gravity.

A. P. (Canterbury).—"In spite of all you say, I stick to my own opinions." That's all right, nobody else wants them.

L. L. (Chichester).—"Just what is meant by 'the public'?" The part of the nation that has no influence.

L. G. (Dorking).—"The farmers are getting angry with the Government." We have heard their gr-r-rumbling.

W. H. SCOTT (Rochester).—"As a dock worker with a family, I shall know what to do with my *Bullets* £250." Anybody else who can give a good home to a £250 cheque should turn to the *Bullets* page.

D. B. (Merthyr).—"I'm expanding my business in the hopes of growing rich." You'll grow richer quicker if you contract.

J. K. (Plymouth).—"I wish I could get into other people's minds." We think it an act of kindness not to let you get into ours.

S. T. (Folkestone).—"My baby's been walking for the last three months." Gracious, what a long way he must have gone!

E. W. (Sheffield).—"I don't know what my husband will say when he sees my new hat." He'll probably just rave about it.

B. B. W. (Liverpool).—"The successful business man is he who can foresee the future." He's certainly one of the fellows you usually find among the profits.

D. G. (Catford).—"Why will they still persist in building houses with low ceilings?" Perhaps it's so that the flies won't stun themselves if they fall off.

W. O. J. (Yarmouth).—"Most wives can discover ways and means of tactfully controlling their husbands." Particularly if it's ways to discover what the hubby's means *are*.

J. T. (Willesden).—"I don't know what profession to put my boy to. He has a vivid imagination and a good command of language." An ideal weather prophet, surely.

G. P. (Glasgow).—"Although only eighteen years of age, I am a determined Communist." Don't give up hope. There's every chance that you'll grow out of it.

D. W. J. (Leicester).—"There is no unemployment among domestic servants. That's where they win." If they don't always win when they're working they certainly always get a place.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Straight from the Shoulder

WINSTON CHURCHILL:—The Conservative leaders have stated they will not tax the staple foods.

When they said that at the last election you wouldn't believe them.

* * *

M. BRIAND:—The right to security is as vital as the right to daily bread.

That is why Britain opposes French Imperialism.

* * *

MRS. WINTRINGHAM: Statesmen of to-day are living in the eighteenth century.

It's up to you and your fellow members to jerk them forward to the twentieth.

* * *

LORD TREVOR:—The upper classes are setting the bad example in desecration of the Sabbath.

Healthy recreation is not desecration; it is common-sense.

MR. WHEATLEY: We have to remove capitalism as quickly as possible.

Why not make a start with the building rings and food profiteers?

* * *

F. LANE: In Russia there are two million Government officials over three million workmen.

Who's been pulling your leg? Lord Rothermere?

* * *

W. H. ROBINSON:—The nation can afford anything which it wants, and which is necessary.

The difficulty is to get Parliament to believe that what the nation wants is necessary.

* * *

BEN SPOOR:—"The Labour Party has a sound and considered policy for the future."

"Jam to-morrow" is the favourite slogan of politicians. Performances, not promises, are wanted.

Nearly 25 years ago my career was undecided. I keenly felt the need of expert and fatherly advice. In pondering the possibilities of my own future I realised the fact that thousands of others must be in the same predicament, and consequently, I felt sure there must be a good opening for someone who could give that assistance which must be so badly needed.

I then decided that I would become that expert adviser and universal father, and devote my life's work to helping and guiding those who are to a certain extent in the dark, or in the rut, also those who have ambition to make a real place in the world's affairs.

I founded the Bennett College in 1900. I have had 25 years of unbroken progress because my advice has been good; the tuition has been complete, and the success of the students has been phenomenal.

During these 25 years of success I have helped thousands of young men into good employment, and thousands of older men to better appointments. Can I help *you*? My advice is Free; you incur no obligation.

J. H. Bennett

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Costing
Economics
English and French
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Foreign Exchange
Modern Business Methods
Secretaryship
Workshop Organisation

TECHNICAL

Architectural Draughtsmanship, Building Construction, Clerk of Works' Duties
Aviation
Boiler Engineering
Boiler Making
Chemistry
Civil Engineering
Concrete and Steel
Draughtsmanship
Electricity
Engineering
Foundry Work
Internal Combustion Engines
Marine Engineering

TECHNICAL Cont.

Mathematics
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Pattern Making
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Structural Engineering
Surveying and Levelling
Telegraphy and Telephony
Wireless Telegraphy
Works Managers' Course

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Part One Free

To extend the name of the BENNETT COLLEGE we are publishing an Illustrated Encyclopædic Dictionary of Engineering, Civil, Motor, Elect., Mech., &c. You may have Part I. FREE. Send for Part 1. to-day; you are under no obligation.

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Rubber Soles and Heels

to suit the needs of all wearers in all weathers. Walk with a buoyant step with perfect foot comfort, and save on your boot repairs by fitting

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A Big Reduction
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In 165,000 homes "THE AMATEUR MECHANIC" is proving over and over again that expenses can be cut down, and that without any previous experience whatever you can, by its help, start at once and make or repair any article in the household.

Paint **Polish** **Overhaul**

Restore **Renovate** **Repair**

BOOT REPAIRING
THE AMATEUR MECHANIC shows you how to mend and make boots and shoes with the finish and skill of an expert craftsman.

The great point about this book is that it is a thoroughly practical and workmanlike guide. It teaches you how to do each job properly and not in a handy man sort of way. Everything is so clearly explained that you will not have the slightest difficulty from first to last, no matter what job you tackle.

165,000 Householders
are Now Saving Money in this Way.

Here are just a few out of thousands of such letters on our files:—

Mr. ALFRED H. SMITH, 96, Great Brook Street, Birmingham, says:—"I wish to tell you that it is the best bargain I have ever made in my life. Since I have had 'THE AMATEUR MECHANIC,' I have saved the cost in Boot Repairs alone. I show the books to all my friends when they come to my house, and they all say the books are wonderful."

Mr. T. HOGGERIDGE, Blackpits, writes:—"I am sure I saved over £20 doing up a cottage I bought cheaply by using the instructions in 'THE AMATEUR MECHANIC.' It is the greatest book I ever saw, because it tells you everything in a way that anyone could understand."

400 Jobs YOU could do

Make and fix roller blinds—Paint and paper a room—Lay carpets—Repair a wire mattress—Overhaul and repair a pedal cycle—Re-tyre and renovate a perambulator—Make and install a wireless set—Re-upholster settees, easy chairs, sofas, etc.—Tune or repair a piano—Sole, heel and patch boots—Make or repair a camera—Blend water tape—Make a pair of boots—Repair and renovate sewing machines—Clean and repair clocks and watches—Make or repair a gramophone—Install electric bells—How to cure damp walls, leaky roofs and smoky chimneys—How to make garden frames, garden furniture, and garden paths—How to mend windows, and to make, mend and strengthen locks and bolts—To clean, overhaul, and repair motors and motor-cycles, to install electric light, etc.—To work in every kind of metal—To etch on brass—To build a boat or canoe—To clean a stove—To varnish a violin—To make a padded chair from an old cask—To stuff furs—To stuff and mount birds—Wood inlaying—To prepare working drawings—To renovate a grandfather's clock—To make garden arbours, arches, seats, summer-houses, etc.—To use metal-drilling tools—To renovate mirrors—To mend china—To do fretwork—To limewhite poultry-houses—To do gold and silver plating—To re-seat chairs—To install a speaking-tube—To repair the piano—To distemper ceilings and walls—To make picture frames—Curtain fitting—To clean boilers—To fix an anthracite stove—To re-gild and restore picture frames—How to use spanners—To make doors and windows draught proof—To paint walls—To do nickel plating—To cure noises in hot water pipes—India and blue varnishes—To make plaster casts, &c., &c.

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THE AMATEUR MECHANIC shows you how to mend leakages and do all kinds of repair jobs on taps and pipes.

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Please send me, without charge or obligation, your Free Illustrated Booklet, containing all particulars as to **"THE AMATEUR MECHANIC"**; also information as to your offer to send the Complete work at once for a merely nominal first payment, the balance to be paid by small monthly payments beginning thirty days after delivery of Work.

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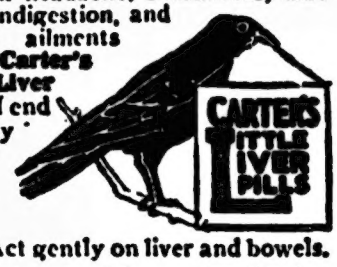
Clogged-Up Liver Causes Headache

It's foolish to suffer from constipation, sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, indigestion, and kindred ailments when **Carter's Little Liver Pills** will end all misery in a few hours. Purely vegetable. Act gently on liver and bowels.



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The "one and only" for entrants in "Bullets," other Literary Contests, Picture Puzzles, and Football Competitions.

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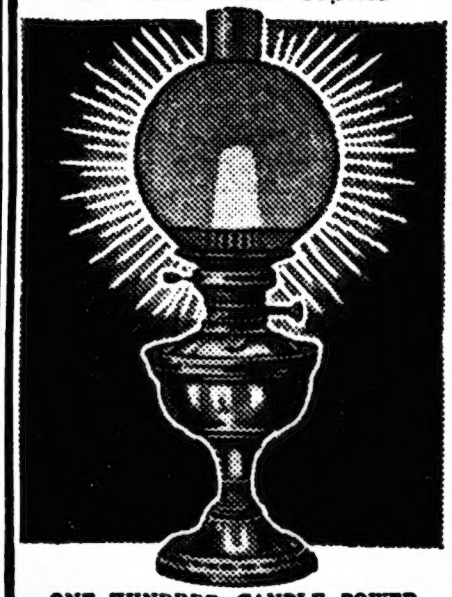

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DEPRESSION AND LOW SPIRITS.

Miseries of Nervous Debility.

Few ailments cause more real misery than nervous debility, with its awful feelings of depression, weariness, sleeplessness, headaches and dizziness. Nervous debility arises from nerve starvation; to overcome the trouble you must feed your nerves. The nerves can only be reached through the blood, so the remedy is to build up your blood by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills.

Miss L. Griffin, of 14, Harford Street, Cathay, Bristol, says: "Six years ago I became a victim to nervous debility. I suffered constantly from severe pains in my head and back; I could eat very little, and at night could hardly sleep. I was pale, languid, and devoid of energy.

"One day my mother read about Dr. Williams' pink pills, and she said I must try them. After taking the very first box my appetite improved, and I grew cheerful. With each box I continued to get better. The depression and headaches soon disappeared, and now I am quite well."

So begin Dr. Williams' pink pills now. Of all chemists, 3s. 0d. a box.

FREE.—Every nerve sufferer should read "The Nerves and Their Needs," sent free to all who write to F.C. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION

—the one preparation in which eminent doctors place their confidence; which hospitals use and which nurses and general public alike unite in recommending is Bisurated Magnesia. This is because Bisurated Magnesia secures prompt *and sure* benefit, whilst failure is almost out of the question, since this remedy removes the harmful acid fermentation which causes the trouble. It doesn't matter whether your disorder is indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis, flatulence or some other weakness of the stomach, Bisurated Magnesia will give you instant relief from the pain and a speedy return to normal powers of digestion. Bisurated Magnesia is sold by chemists everywhere at 1/3 for either powder or tablet form, but when buying be sure to see the word "Bisurated" on the famous Blue Wrapper—then you'll know you've got the one remedy doctors prescribe.

SLENDERNESS WILL MAKE YOU MORE ATTRACTIVE

Are you worried because you are overweight? Afraid you are losing your charm, your youthful figure?

Stout women are at a disadvantage. Pretty clothes no longer fit them, their movements are awkward, their attractiveness deserts them. Friends are sympathetic.

But many of these friends have a secret method of keeping slender! They use Marmola Prescription Tablets (thousands of men and women each year regain slender figures this way). These tablets will make you slender again, too. Try them. No exercise or diets—just a pleasant, healthful way of becoming slender. Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by Chemists everywhere at 3/- per packet, or you can secure them direct from The Marmola Co. (Dept. J.B.1) 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. 1.

Clothe These Kiddies!

Many Poor Mites Need Warm Winter Woollies

WITH what some of the experts tell us is likely to prove an exceptionally severe winter looming ahead, there is a very bleak outlook for many poor families, and we are already receiving numerous distressing appeals from mothers who are at their wits' end to know how they can find the means for their children to be properly clad against the rigours of the coming cold weather.

There is something indescribably pathetic about the terrible perplexity of these poor parents. They know that their little ones must suffer in health if their boots are not weather-worthy, and they have no warm woollies to protect them from the biting blasts of the East wind, and though they are prepared to sacrifice their own comfort for the sake of the children, work as hard as they may they cannot earn enough to clothe them all properly when there are three or four in the family.

TAKE the case of a woman living in Fulham. She is the wife of an ex-Service man with a small pension, wounded and gassed in France, and despite the lowness of his disability assessment, he is not capable of doing a full week's work, even if he could get it. She goes out daily and toils long hours for her three children who are attending school. They all need boots and clothes, but she cannot earn enough to provide them.

AT Newbury an ex-Service man and his wife are similarly perplexed regarding their two little ones. The man is willing and hard-working. He tries to keep his home together and feed the hungry mouths by going round the houses with a hand barrow collecting rags.

At Cockermouth there is an ex-service man who was master of his own business before the war. He is therefore not eligible for unemployment pay, and all the pension he has is 6s. a week. He has to do such odd jobs as he can find in order to support his wife and four children. How is he going to clothe them for the winter?

These are three of scores of similar cases. Will you help "The Greatest of These—" Fund to provide clothing for such families by sending us generous subscriptions?

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Late 9th Essex," 9½d.; Mac N., 1s.; "14420," 1s.; J. W. (Morecambe), 4s.; S. C., 6d.; Poor Little Maid, 6d.; L. C., 3d.; W. Paton, 12s.; Blackburn, 3d.; "Three Cornish Pasties," 3s.; Miss W. Cassell, 1s.; L. Emmley, 1s.; A. B. H., 1s. 6d.; A. C. Kernaghan, 7d.; Snowball, 2s.; "Martlets," 3s. 6d.; "Shoras," 1s.; H. C., 1s.; "Tobins," 1s.; Woburn, 3d.; Birthday Ninth, 5 francs; Bart Kismet, 1s. 6d.; "Good Luck," 6d.; Phelo, 1s.; D. H., a grateful One, 2s. 6d.; F. R. Dale, 1s.; J. Yorkston, 1s.; W. Kenworthy, 1s.; G. Wickers, 2s. 6d.; G. McC, 6d; Tudor Road, 6d.; "A Fifth," M. S. C., 6d.; Oliver Lloyd, 2s. 6d.; C. B. T., 1s.; Mrs. E. Warner, 6d.; "Target," 1s.; Anon., 6d.; W. E. A., 6d.; Mrs. R., 6d.; Hopeful, 1s.; For Luck, 1s.; Claverton, 10½d.; G. Eyre, 6d.; J. M., 3d.; J. M., 3d.; Miner, 6d.; Anon., 6d.; Motor Driver, 6d.; E. A. Nunn, 6d.; D. P. (Buckie), 1s. 6d.; Richdick, 5d.; Melbourne, 2s. 4d.; B. K., 2s.; E. Davies, 2s. 6d.; A Hopeful Ninth, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. C. Wilson, 1s. 6d.; Salopian, 3s. 6d.; "Out of Work," 1s.; Worcester, 2s. 3d.; "Stumped," 3d.; Watchman, 1s.; "Irish Molly," 10s.; E. B., 1s.; "Target Prize," 1s.; Darlington, 1s.; B. P., 6d.; Brixton Ninth, 7d.; B. G., £1 6s.; £316 Second Ninth, 1s.; "Three Ninths Brechin," 2s.; One Ninth, 6½d.; E. B., 3d.; E. F., 6d.; Nemo, 1s. 6d.; 1st Ninth, Anon., 1s.; C. W. N., 2s. 6d.; Attercliffe, 2s. 4d.; F. E. Saunderson, 2s. 6d.; S. J. Veal, 10s.; C.-on-M., 79, 2d.; H. J. W., 3d.; Portland, 1s.; J. R. Waugh, 5s.; A. W. L., 2s.; "Destiny," 6d.; Still Waiting, 9d.; Worried Spinster, 6d.; P., D., 6d.; Frenchwoman, Toulouse, 2s. 6d.; J. B., 6d; Anon., 10d.; Desperation, 10d.; A. M. E., 1s.; W. B. Snellin, 3d.; R. J. St., 7d.; Nearly Demented, 2s.; S. B. Tibshelf, 2s. 6d.; Long Tom, 6d.; Guernsey, 10d.; Mrs. S. Hooper, 9d.; From Lucy, 2s.; E. A. C., 2s.; Caerau, 1s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; "Third Porter," 4½d.; A. J. M., 10½d.; Wellwisher, 10½d.; H. Challis, 2s.; A. Barker, 9½d.; E. A. B., 2s.; Everard, 1s.; Twickenham, 2d.; O. L. W., 9d.; M. C., 2s.; A. Hawksley, 6d.; L. W. Johnson, 6d.; Thankful Widower, 1s.; Constant Reader, 1s.; Dick, 1s. 3d.; W. Fielding, 6d.; F. T. D., 6d.; M. A., 1s. 2½d.; "Unlucky Mollie," 1s. 1d.; C. Broughton, 9½d.; J. Smith, 1s.; Action Front," 2s. 6d.; A Colonial, 2s.; A Competitor, 8½d.; Lifton, 6d.; Ninth of Tip, 7½d.; A Little to Help, 6d.; "Unburnt 9th," 7½d.; Holbeach, 2s. 7d.; "For the Master's Sake," 1s.; A. T. Bulwell, 9d.; Tre-deg-ar, 6d.; A. A., 1s.; "Spey Royal," 1s. 6d.; Silver Lining, 1s.; Anon., 1s.; War Widow, 1s. 9d.; S. A. Beilly, 1s. 4½d.; J. R. Todd, 2s.; "Gander," 2s. 6d.; E. J., 1s. 6d.; W. M. J., 1s.; J. A. H., 1s.; Llanelly, 1s. 3d.; A Labourer's Wife, 5s.; "Target Value," 1s.; Uncle's 2nd 9th, 3s. 6d.; Just a Ninth, 1s.; Derby, 7d.; J. E. Scott, 6d.; Scotland's 9th, 1s. 4d.; Hard Up, 1d.; W. C. Warrington, 1s. 6d.; E. A. F., 9d.; Minerva, 9d.; Port Talbot, 6d.; B. H. Dunnell, 1s.; Breaking Heart, 6d.; E.R.27, 1s. 2d.; Wellwisher, 6d.; M. M., 1s.; E. S. Corstophine, £1; W. Gibson, 2s.; Still Hoping, 2s.; C. E., 7d.; J. W. A. Hendon, 2s. 6d.; E. S., 2s. 3d.; Still Unlucky, 4½d.; Old Lady of 80, 1s.; "Felix," 9d.; 10th Anniversary, 3s. 2d.; Small Punter, 10d.; Third Ninth, 4d.; Out of Work, 6½d.; A. B., 1s.; Ninth on Ninth, 6d.; Little Mellree, 6d.; H. J. T., 4½d.; E. Williams, 1s.; Believer of Ninth, 1s.; Spare Time Jobs, 1s. 7d.; J. H. H., 1s. 9d.; Saturn, 4d.; Jeff, 2s.; T. N., 1s.; L. T. Hayes, 9d.; H. B., 6d.; Mac's Ninth, 1s. 7d.; J. N. S., 1s. 4d.; To-day's Ninth, 2s. 6d.; A. J. Groutage, 9d.; A. H. Sinton, £16 16s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners.

(*Continued from page 35.*)

Ipswich; G. H. Ouseley, Little Wytheford, Shawbury, nr. Shrewsbury; F. Owens, 11, The Bridge, Wealdstone, Harrow; F. J. Palmer, 2, Rose Cottage, Stoke Fleming, Dartmouth; A. Richardson, 70, Chequer Rd., Doncaster; T. Rush, 13, Frank St., Fulwell, Sunderland; G. Sanderson, Stella Gill, Palton Fell, Co. Durham; A. E. Saxton, 21, Hooton Rd., Kilnhurst, Rotherham; Mrs. W. Scammell, 1, Victoria Villas, St. Thomas St., Wells, Som.; C. E. Scott, 15, Burgass Place, Carrington, Nottingham; A. E. Seaward, 24A, Nene Parade, Wisbech; G. Sidgwick, 5, Fern Villas, West Hartlepool; G. Simmonds, 26, Adelaide Cres., Hove; Miss I. Simpson, 30, Wood St., Partick, Glasgow; Miss M. Slade, The Lawns, Crewkerne, Som.; G. E. Smalley, 20, Sibthorp St., Lincoln; J. R. Smith, 6, Hedley St., Guisborough, Yorks; T. H. Symons, 3, Usk Rd., Battersea, S.W.; W. J. Tandy, Brewery House, Albert St., Newark-on-Trent; Miss M. Taylor, 23, Aylestone Lane, Wigston, Leicester; T. Thomas, 127, King Edward Rd., Swansea; J. R. Tyrrell, 77, Stoneleigh Rd., Birchfield, B'ham.; J. Urquhart, Daltra, Ardclach, Nairn, N.B.; Miss E. Ward, 54, Hawksley Av., Hillsboro', Sheffield; D. J. Watkins, 109, Park Rd., Cwmpark, Treorchy, S. Wales; Mrs. Wells, 40, Trafalgar Rd., Egremont, Wallasey; W. White, 34, Upper Thomas St., Merthyr Tydfil; Mrs. Winder, 26, Shaw Heath, Stockport.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 536 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

List of 200 Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 536 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 535 can now be seen in the window of Messrs. MALLAM BROS., 111, High Street, Rochester.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 536.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. W. LIPSCOMBE, 53, Tower Gardens Road, Lordship Lane, Tottenham, N.

Example:—Talking About Money
Bullet:—Like Licking Pastrycook's Window.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. H. SLATER, Houtoum, Malvern.

Example:—By Wireless
Bullet:—News Shouted to House-tops.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. SUFFERT, 81, High Street, Tillicoultry.

Example:—As Time Passes
Bullet:—We Become Children's "Encumbrances."

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. H. BLADES, 29, Surrey Street, Keighley.

Example:—Getting Coal
Bullet:—Shouldn't Include Fattening Dukes.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. G. F. TURNER, 83a, Eastbourne Road, Thornton Heath.

Example:—What Algy Said
Bullet:—"Let's See!"—Removing Monocle.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

A. Barnicott, Market Place, Guernsey.
In Our House—Everything "Falls On" Father.
J. Chambers, 35, Hall Gate, Mexborough.
Time of His Life—Butcher's Dog—Inspector About.
W. Gusman, Kirby Villa, Blakesley, Northants.
What We Read—Immaterial—Whilst Girl's Standing.
S. T. Inns, 6, Manland Avenue, Harpenden, Herts.
Good Value—Rescued Gave Rescuer Sixpence.
W. Jardine, c/o Staddon & Sons, Radford, Nottingham.
What The Judge Asked—"Gentlemen, What's Her Verdict?"
F. Myrott, Belmont Cottage, Belmont Road, Ramsgate.
Time of His Life—Then Zoo Visited Father.
W. J. Osborne, 25, South Fort Street, Leith, N.B.
What Grandma Thought—Henna Was Chicken Food.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
Mrs. G. Outhet, 11, Howard Street, Scarborough.
Judging By Looks—Road-menders Almost Expect Applause.
E. Robinson, Bonkyl Lodge, Duns, N.B.
Preparing For Winter—We've Got The Fire-place!
L. S. Taylor, 6, Selsdon Road, West Norwood, S.E.
As Time Passes—Her Twin-brother Becomes "Brother."

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

F. W. Ballard, 103, Blatchington Road, Hove.
Little Tommy—Hides Toys—Uncle Calling.
H. Clark, 5, Gordon Terr., Oxbridge Lane, Stockton on-Tees.
Chemist's Shop—Jilted Happily Found Shut.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
Mrs. A. Connell, 6, Church Lane, Selby, Yorks.
Falling On Us—Below, Bricklayer's Cigar Ash.
N. D. Gale, 24, Great James Street, Bedford Row, W.C.
What Algy Said—Boarding Coffee-stall—"Piccadilly, Pleashe!"
F. H. Mylroi, 5, Whitehouse Road, Oxford.
Our Butcher—Drives Car—Where's Horse?
A. Sinclair, 7, The Square, Shrewsbury.
Food Of Love—Indifference—Unless It's Overdone.
Miss E. M. Starling, c/o 59, Burnham Road, St. Albans, Herts.
Seldom Asked—"Can Firm Stand Increase?"
K. M. Symons, Shannon House, Ulverston, Lancs.
Food Of Love—Kept Cool, Lasts Longer.
C. Wood, 10, Richmond Place, West Brompton, S.W.
Taken To Heart—By One, Flirtation's Danger.
E. Wood, 10, Racefield Road, Knutsford, Cheshire.
Lending A Hand—Colonies—If One Extended.

100 Prize-winners of £1

F. Ackroyd, 20, Mount Terr., Sowerby Bridge; H. Ager, 194, Hollydale Rd., Peckham, S.E.; R. H. Alderson, 24, Clay Pits Lane, Halifax; F. Anning, 82, Beacon Rd., Luton, Chatham; E. H. Baker, 49, Lodge Lane, Nth. Finchley; C. Batt, 80, St. Vincent Rd., Southsea; E. J. Bennett, 28, Castle Rd., Walmsley; H. W. Blackman, "Braemar," Richmond Av., Bognor; S. Blagg, 59, Manchester Rd., Hollinwood, nr. Oldham; J. W. Blake, 58, High St., Kington, Herefordshire; R. Bonny, 4, Chapel St., Uxbridge; G. R. Booth, 10, Bean Leach Rd., Hazel Grove, Cheshire; W. Booth, 69, Ayresome St., Middlesbrough; W. Box, 32, Lytham Rd., Levenshulme, M/c.; R. Bradfield, 12, South Parade, Withernsea; J. H. Breakwell, 21, Pembroke St., Glasgow; R. Brickwood, 2, Hosker Rd., West Southbourne, Hants; Miss M. Burton, 25, Rowland St., Rugby; O. Carr, 37, Grey Rd., Walton, L'pool; C. Carter, 178, Spring Bank, Hull; C. Collett, The Lodge, Sutton, Nr. Hereford; H. Conduit, Wey Hill, Haslemere; N. Cooper, 14, Duke St., Millom; Major Couchman, 58, The Strand, Ryde, I.O.W.; W. Crewe, Skew Crossing, Bentham, nr. Lancaster; J. Cusick, Junr., 12, Durham Rd., Lr. Edmonton, N.; C. J. Dent, 64, Derby Rd., Forest Gate, E.; F. P. Dorothy, 7, Freehold St., Fairfield, L'pool; A. Doughty, 29, Rodney St., Salford; A. L. Eggins, Longbrook, Milton Abbot, Nr. Tavistock; R. England, West St., Ilminster, Som.; Miss W. S. Farmer, c/o The "Wickets Inn," Hollyhead Rd., Wellington, Shropshire; E. Fearnsley; 10, New Herbert St., Irlam O' th' Height, Pendleton; T. Fletcher, 340, Padiham Rd., Burnley; Mrs. N. Forbes, 8, Sydenham Rd., Sydenham; Miss M. Fowler, 21, East St., Farington, Leyland, Lancs.; R. Frowen, 17, Portland St., Abertillery, Mon.; Mrs. M. E. Garland, "Bridge End," St. Peter's Rd., Bournemouth; N. W. Glover, 17, Dudley Rd., Sale, Cheshire; E. A. Golding, 113, Kimberley Rd., Nunhead, S.E.; W. Gray, 3, High Queen St., Witton Park, Co. Durham; Miss D. V. Griffith, 170, Adelaide Rd., Hampstead, N.W.; C. Grisedale, 91, John St., Workington; T. Gutsell, Coggins Mill, Mayfield, Sussex.; J. Haggis, 80A, Warple Way, Wandsworth, S.W.; F. E. Halls, 50, Perkins Rd., Newbury Park, Ilford; Mrs. R. Harland, Rosedale West, nr. Pickering, Yorks.; R. F. Harris, 7, Gladstone Rd., Folkestone; F. E. Horsman, 165, Paley Rd., Bradford; A. Hosking, 56, Cotehele Av., Plymouth; T. R. Hughes 25, Antrobus Rd., Handsworth, B'ham.; A. J. Hull, c/o Queen's Hotel, B'ham.; F. Hunstill, 29, Cronkbourne Village, Douglas, I.O.M.; W. J. Igoe, 47, Poulton Rd., Seacombe, Ches.; P. Jackson, 54, Wauburton Rd., Brockley, S.E.; E. Jeffery, 3, Kent Villas, Kendal; W. H. Johns, 16, "C" Block, North Sq., Brompton Bks., Chatham; H. Kite, 14, Kimbolton Rd., Copnor, Portsmouth; Mrs. S. Leckenby, 6, Sandringham St., York; A. P. Lowman, 4, Hibernia Terr., Weston Mill Estate, Devonport; J. Lyons, 44, Smithies Rd., Plumstead, S.E.; J. N. Marvell, 60, Blackwood Grove, Halifax; A. Marshall, 62, Waterloo Rd., Widnes; W. Maskew, Stone House, Hertford; W. Mauger, 7, Dalgairn's Rd., Guernsey; J. E. May, Clarence Rd., Wroxall, I.O.W.; F. J. Mayo, 78, Seely Rd., Tooting, S.W.; W. J. McKavanagh, 55, Forfar St., Belfast; J. Medley, 62, Palace Rd., Small Heath, B'ham.; W. Moore, 77, New St., Torrington; Mrs. E. Moulden, 1, Snakes Lane, Woodford Green, Essex; W. Munt, 35, Molewood Rd., Hertford; F. G. Newman, 20, Ranelagh Rd.,

(Continued in next column)

(Continued on page 34).

CORRECTION.—A "Bullet" which won £2 10s. in Competition No. 535 should have read—A [illegible] Sentence. If Unable to

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 538.

RUNNING THE COUNTRY
RUINOUS
TAKES THE BISCUIT
WEMBLEY'S FUTURE
UNFINISHED
A GOOD ACTRESS
GETTING ON NICELY
TIME TO KEEP QUIET
SEEING THINGS
IF I WERE YOUNG
OUR WORST ENEMY
TIRED OF LIFE
WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD
TIME WILL TELL
AT SCHOOL
IN QUEER STREET
EASILY PLEASED
FOR THE BEST
CHANGE OF TONE
URGENT
FILM BABY
WHAT THE COOK SAID
ONE OF US
FINDING HER FEET
EXASPERATING
TROUBLES FEW
NOT SURPRISING
EQUALITY
HER ROMANCE
NEVER TEMPTED
OUR FURNITURE
WHAT IS THE DOLE?

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three, or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—On Holiday — *Bullet*:—Take Care—Leave Cares.
Example:—Time To Stop — *Bullet*:—Age Wants—Youth Hasn't.
Example:—Why She Was Cross — *Bullet*:—Rescuer Used A Boat-hook.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS "Bullets" No. 538, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
538 P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
538 P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
538 P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
538 P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 539.

THE UPPER HAND—OUR AERIAL—HOME LIFE—A TIGHT FIST—BETTER WORK—WHAT THE PRISONER SAID—SILK STOCKINGS—SHIVERING—A BORE—HUBBY'S POCKET—LIKE OLD TIMES—IN VAIN—EXPERIENCE—NEEDS EXPLAINING—ACCORDING TO MOTHER—DAILY BREAD—WHAT SHE NEVER HEARS—SENSIBLE GIRL—RACING RESULTS—WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23rd.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **539** in the top left-hand corner and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 539, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 538.

'Bullets' Turkeys Next Week!!

RHEUMATISM
CURED QUICKLY AND EFFECTIVELY

"My RHEUMATISM has Completely Gone."

1, Argyle Street, Birkenhead.

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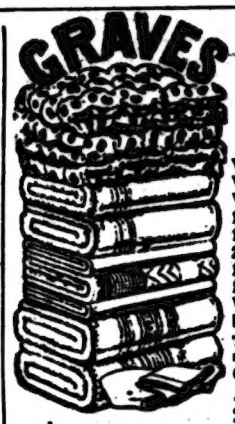

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From Photo of Miss Mary Little.

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Several years ago I lost all my hair.

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From photo of Mr. P. Tucker. Torrington, N. Devon.

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